

THE MCGILL DAILY



Black History Month
Special Issue

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Quebec Wavers on Funding Commitment

*McGill will lose promised \$100 million if
performance contract not honoured;
Student movement begins to mobilize in
protest against provincial government*

BY SIMON RABINOVITCH
The McGill Daily

Students and university administrators lashed out at the Quebec government last week after Education Minister François Legault said that the province may not have the money to honour the performance contracts just signed with McGill and other schools across the province.

Following Legault's remarks, Deputy Premier Bernard Landry quickly shifted into damage control mode, saying that the province has always intended to follow through on the contracts. But late last week, rumours were still abound of provincial plans for a \$400-million cut from the education budget to make way for tax cuts.

And in the midst of all the uncertainty, many at McGill are nervously awaiting the government's final word.

"It's been a week-long yo-yo game," said Vice-Principal Administration and Finance Moty Yalovsky.

The university inked a lucrative performance contract with the province in December that is supposed to bring the school \$100-million over the next three years in return for hiring new professors, increasing its number of Quebec students and meeting several other conditions.

Now, however, Yalovsky says he is worried that McGill will never see this money.

"It would be improper for the province to enter into an agreement and go back on it," Yalovsky said. "I hope that the province would take the high step rather than the low step."

If McGill does not receive the funding promised by Quebec, Yalovsky says that difficult decisions will have to be made. According to him, the university may have to consider to running a greater deficit than planned or drop some initiatives intended to improve its academic quality.

Many in the student movement also said that cutbacks to the funding of post-secondary schools would be an act of deceit after the province finally pledged to repair the damage caused by years of budgetary slashing. In March 2000, the provincial government held a youth summit and agreed to reinvest \$1-billion in education starting this fiscal year.

Phil Ilijevsky, a coordinator at the Quebec chapter of the Canadian Federation of Students, now says that the youth summit may have been staged just to silence student groups, some of the government's fiercest critics. He is outraged

that the province would consider backing out of its stated commitments.

"Basically, it's a slap in the face to all student organizations," Ilijevsky said. "The government is sending a clear message to youth groups that it's okay to renege on your promises."

According to Ilijevsky, the student movement will not let Quebec tighten its purse strings without a fight. A protest is scheduled for Feb. 22, to be attended by both university and CEGEP students, and more demonstrations are expected to follow.

"The government has the money to spend and it's choosing not to. This is a serious betrayal and we want to make that known to the public."

Here at McGill, SSMU president Wojtek Baraniak is also irked by the province's rumoured flip-flop on its funding guarantee. SSMU has joined a coalition with other student associations to respond to the government, but will wait to see what its final policy is before acting. Like Ilijevsky,

**"Basically it's a slap
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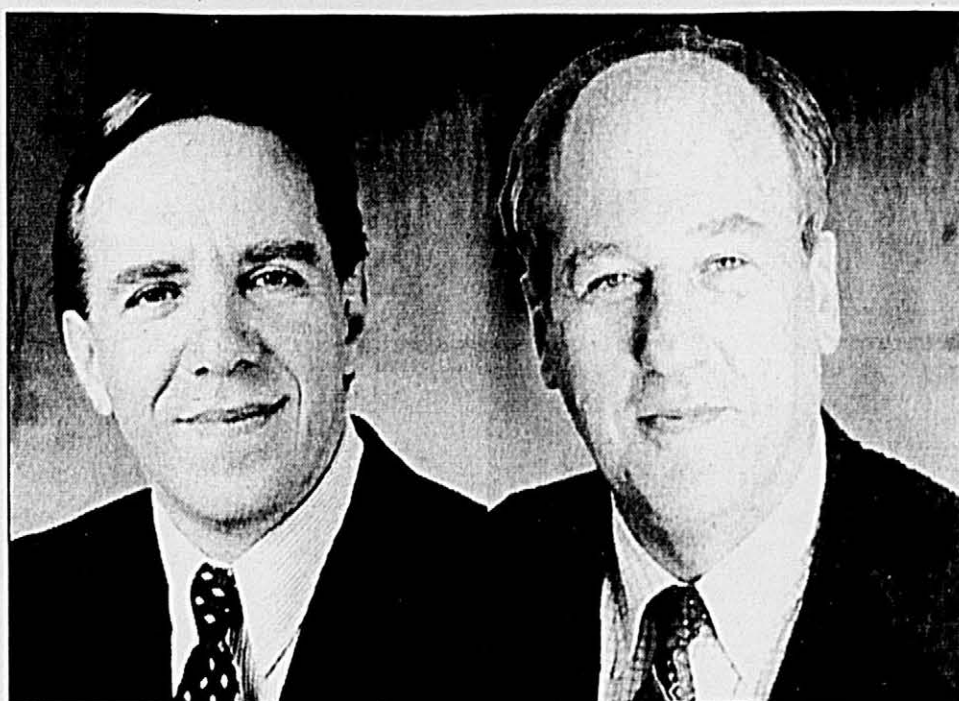
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Baraniak cannot believe that the province would shift its direction so quickly after the youth summit last spring.

"I find it strange that the Minister of Education has said he wants Quebec institutions to be the best in the country, the best in the world, but then not to come forward with the money."

Before the provincial budget comes out in March, the Education Ministry has indicated that it will review the money that has been allotted to all universities. It has been widely speculated that the Treasury Board is intent on presenting a balanced budget along with tax cuts, and that both the education and health care ministries have been asked to significantly trim their spending to make this possible.

"I guess it's really a wait and see game at this point," said Baraniak.



Education Minister François Legault (left) said last week that Quebec may not follow through on the performance contract recently signed with McGill, angering Vice-Principal Administration and Finance Moty Yalovsky (right).

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Environmental Policy Hits Snag with Senate

More obstacles block greening of McGill after senate committee tables environmental policy

BY ROBERTO ROCHA
The McGill Daily

It was a disheartening week for McGill's environmental activist as their hope of creating an eco-friendly university was once again hampered.

On Thursday Feb. 1, the Environmental Policy Workgroup presented the final draft of its long-awaited proposal to the Senate Committee on Physical Development. The SCPD voted to table the policy for now and discuss it at a later date.

The EPW has spent the last two years writing and refining its policy proposal, intending to put McGill's environment program on equal footing with other Canadian institutions. At present, McGill's program is estimated to lag ten years behind the average at other Canadian institutions. In the past few years, environmental projects had very short lives: new students found themselves repeating projects from scratch, with no solid infrastructure in place. It was hoped that the environment policy would remedy this.

When the EPW presented its first draft to the SCPD in November, it was criticized for being "overly strident" and one critic said that it "asks for too much." After gathering comments from the McGill commu-

nity, professor Saeed Mirza, chair of the EPW, divided the policy into four manageable phases to be implemented over the next ten years.

"The committee [on physical development] did not even go through the policy point by point," said Cassie Seaborn, the undergrad student representative on the SCPD and member of the EPW. "They just spent time debating whether McGill even needs an environmental policy."

Bruce Shore, chair from the department of education and counseling psychology and a key player in Thursday's meeting, made the motion that the policy be tabled and he questioned its chances to survive as it stands. He argued that an audit should be performed to ascertain how McGill currently handles environmental issues.

The first phase of the policy, which the EPW urged McGill to adopt immediately, calls for the appointment of an environmental officer and the creation of a permanent Senate Committee on the Environment whose first task would be to perform such an audit.

"It strikes me as strange to criticize that the policy doesn't look at this when that's the first thing implementation would do," said Brian Sarwer-Foner, Post-Graduate

Student Society representative on the EPW.

Shore contends, however, that taking a policy to senate that proposes the formation of an office with a \$170,000 yearly cost would be suicidal. "Senate cannot authorize the creation of an office with a budget. Only the Board of Governors can do that. We need to frame the document in such a way that senate can deal with it," he said.

The university, he argued, must first determine what needs to be done before incurring any costs. "The motion to table the report was not to get rid of it, but to remind ourselves that it must be dealt with...it was to save the policy," added Shore.

Sarwer-Foner said, however, that short term expenditures of Phase I will reap monetary savings in the future, as well as enhancing McGill's image. Members of the EPW contested the university's treatment of environmental matters with a cost-benefit analysis, and added that the policy could spare McGill \$12 million annually in energy savings. "Nonetheless, the environmental policy should not be dictated by money matters," said Mirza.

But Shore responded, "We don't have a choice. We want to implement right away the cost-free proposals. But even when the outcome is known in advance, the analysis

must be made.... If we can save \$12 million, wonderful. But we need to know where that money is coming from."

Shore capped his remarks by saying, "I'm quite committed to what this group has done, and I'm very grateful for it. I acted the way I did because I thought it would most quickly and most effectively advance the things the committee wants to achieve." Morty Yalovsky, Vice-Principal Administration and Finance, echoed his sentiments.

The members of the EPW, however, remain skeptical. "The Executive Chair of PGSS told me that when a policy is tabled by a senate committee, that is the same as killing it," said Sarwer-Foner.

In an emergency meeting last Thursday, the EPW discussed how it could keep the policy from being swept away into a senate afterthought. One idea was to call for a special meeting of the senate committee and stress the importance of the policy. Another proposal was to draft an intersociety letter confirming unanimous student support for the document. Whatever route is chosen, the members of the EPW will



Students signed petitions last week in support of the environmental policy that a senate committee voted to table last week.

keep fighting even though their original mandate, which was to create and present the policy, is over. Many find it odd that McGill has a School of Environment but no comprehensive environmental program. "It's time the university practices what it preaches," concluded Mirza.

Prospects Bleak for FTAA Protesters Wanting Exam Deferrals

BY JON WOODSIDE
News Reporter

The prospect of academic amnesty for students protesting the Free Trade Agreement of the Americas hit a road block last week when a senate subcommittee voted to strongly oppose such a proposal.

A motion will be presented to the senate as a whole this Wednesday asking that students attending the April demonstrations in Quebec City be granted exam deferrals, but now that the Committee for Student Affairs (CSA) has decided to withhold its support, it appears doubtful that the senate will pass the motion.

Momentum for academic amnesty has been growing at McGill ever since Concordia reached a similar agreement on Friday, Jan. 19. A little over two weeks later, SSMU Council voted overwhelmingly to support the motion asking senate to make some sort of accommodation for students who will miss final exams in order to attend the demonstrations.

SSMU president Wojtek Baraniak opened last week's meeting by outlining the students' position. "Regular public won't be able to access these high level meetings and this has upset a significant portion of our campus," he said.

While admitting to be an advocate of free trade himself, Baraniak commented

that he and the Students' Society felt that the university, as an important member of civil society, should encourage participation in the demonstrations. "Students should be granted this academic amnesty because the exchange of ideas should not be limited to the classroom," he said.

Nevertheless, Enrica Quaroni, the Associate Dean of Arts, raised the issue that exam deferrals may set a dangerous precedent, untenable on a practical scale. "If I allow this student asking to go to the summit, then I'll have to allow similar requests [from students] asking to go to every other demonstration," she said.

Quaroni also remained skeptical about the integrity of students, claiming that she

would have no way to be certain that those seeking deferrals actually attended the protests. Other faculty members at the meeting were concerned that in granting academic amnesty, the university would look like it was endorsing something that might end in violence.

But Robert Sim, university and academic affairs coordinator with the Post-Graduate Students Society, countered that the wording of the motion could be changed from amnesty to reasonable accommodation, thus mitigating any negative perception of the motion. He also reminded the CSA that the McGill's ombudsperson recommended last year that the university's associate deans "exercise

reasonable accommodation for students in special circumstances," adding later that "these are special circumstances."

In the end, the senate committee was unwilling to tackle all the obstacles that the permission of exam deferrals entails. Along with the scheduling hassles that would ensue, Morton Mendelson, the Faculty of Science's associate dean, said that the passing of the motion would be tantamount to "asking professors to prepare an extra exam."

Eleven members of the CSA voted to oppose the exam deferral motion, three (the only student members on the committee) cast votes in favour of it, and six others abstained.

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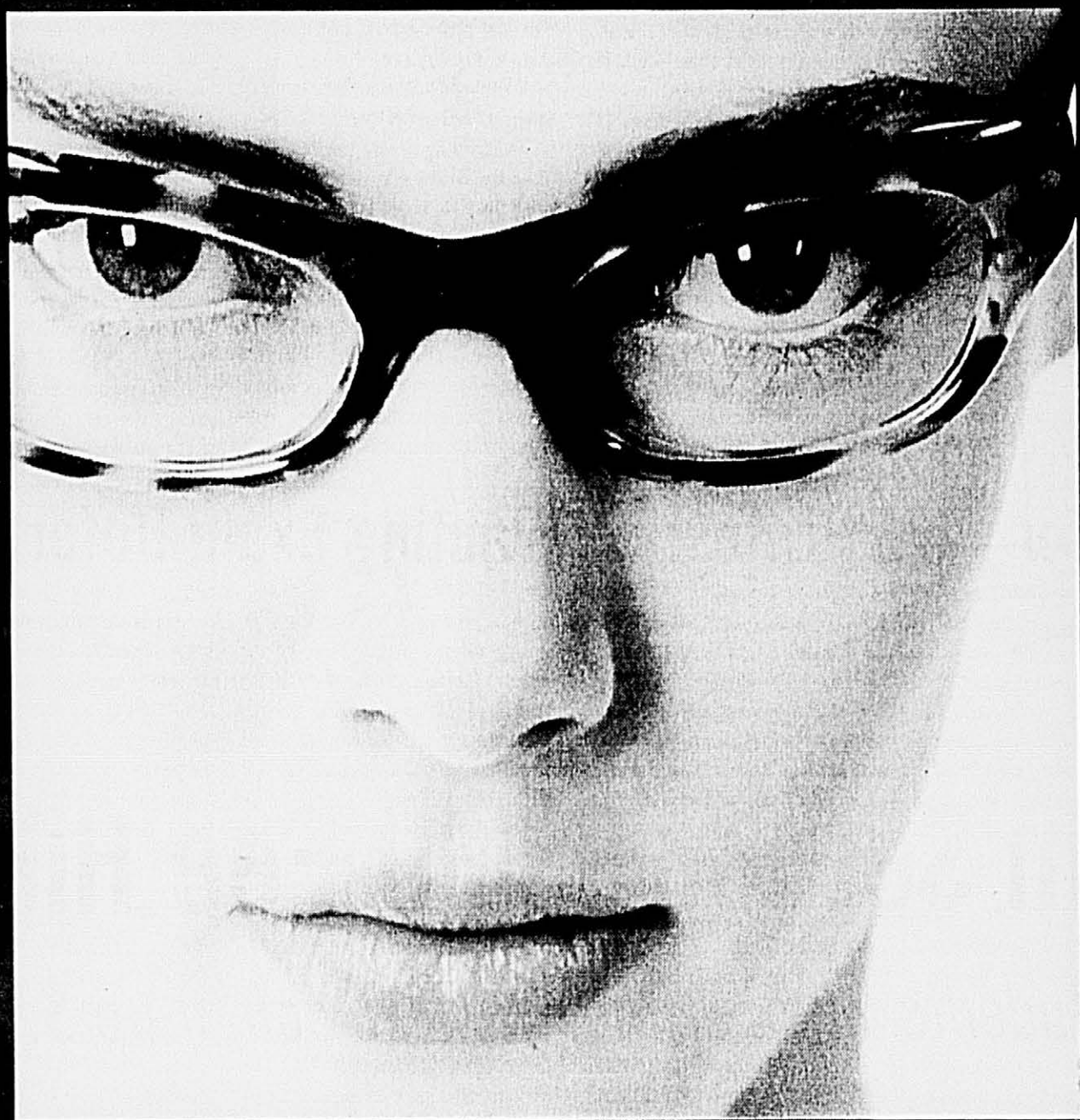
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McGill Makes Push for More Quebecers, Francophones

Declining applications making it tough to meet targets for Francophone and Quebec students

BY VÉRONIQUE CHELIN
News Writer

If McGill wants to continue to meet its goal of a large Francophone student population, something must be done right away to combat the decline in applications by Quebec-born students, administrators say.

It is becoming harder to meet targets like a student body made up of 50 per cent Quebec-born students and 25 per cent Francophones, they say, because for the last several years, fewer and fewer of these students have been applying to McGill.

In fact, the CEGEPs from which McGill recruits these students have seen enrollment drop by 11 per cent in just five years, which means that the pool of applicants to universities like McGill is

shrinking as well - a trend the administrators say they must do something about.

"Our objective is to keep the Quebec population at McGill constant, but the demographics are working against us," said Vice-Principal Academic Luc Vinet, very conscious of the problem.

That is why the administrators are busily working to market McGill to Quebec-born, and especially, Francophone students.

Recruiting efforts have been

focused on events like Open House for CEGEP students held last weekend. The event saw students bused in for free from communities like from Ste-Foy, Trois-Rivières, Lennoxville, and Sherbrooke, and given bilingual tours of McGill's campus.

Other recent efforts at outreach to Francophone students include the appointment of staffers dedicated to assisting Francophone students and, beginning this summer, free, for-credit, intensive English courses for Francophone students starting at McGill in the Fall.

"The recruiting office is organizing activities targeting Quebec students, and most of the advertising is directed toward Francophones," said Cathy Giulietti, the newly hired First-Year Assistant for Francophone Students.

And according to Louis-Philippe Messier, SSMU's former Francophone Commissioner, those initiatives represent a step in the direction.

"The appointment of Cathy Giulietti has been one of the best thing happening during my contract," said Messier.

Vinet also responded to critics who raised concerns when the initiatives to recruit Francophones more actively began last year. At the time, Students for a Better McGill (SFBM), an unofficial student group whose mandate included "making McGill a meritocracy" said it was concerned that McGill's particularly aggressive recruitment of Francophone students was simply a ploy to curry favour with the provincial government.

But Vinet says there is nothing strange about the effort to better serve the Quebec community. He also points out that the recruiting effort is entirely McGill's own, and not the result of any pressure by the province.

"The Quebec government does not require any kind of quotas," he said. "It is just felt that in a public system where the funding comes from the province, it is only natural to work toward a 50 per cent share

of students to come from that province," he said.

SFBM also raised concerns last year that trying to retain a certain number of Quebec-born and Francophone students from a shrinking pool of CEGEP graduates might mean that McGill will have to lower its admissions standards.

Once again, however, Vinet says that there is no reason for concern.

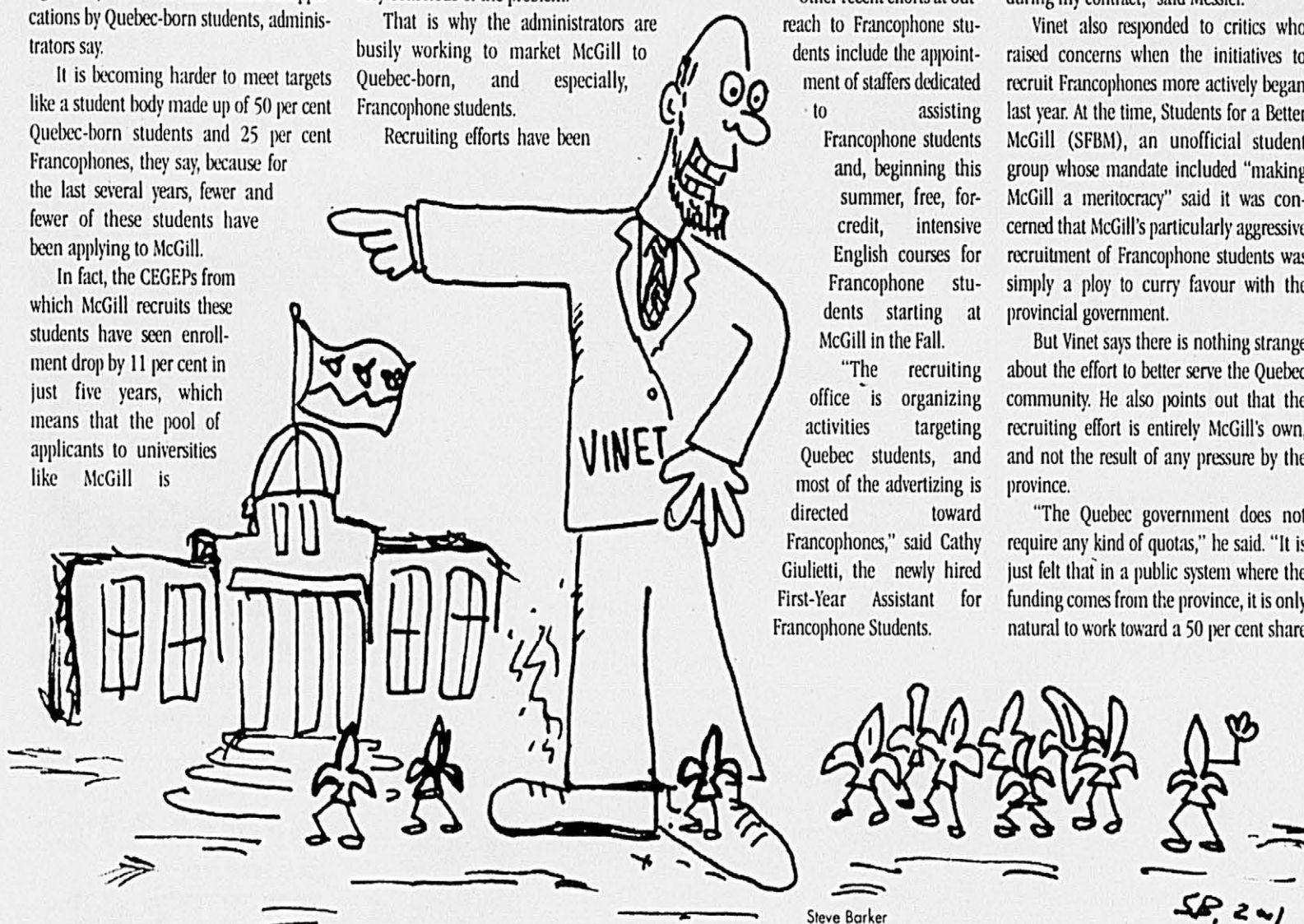
"The easy way would be to lower the standards, but McGill is proud of its quality, so we would rather try to attract more of the best students," he said.

Louise Dallaire, a research agent at the Ministry of Education, however, says that universities across the province need to be worried about the decline in applications from in-province students. "This is a general trend in Quebec that the universities will really have to consider," she said.

But Vinet insists that the admissions procedure is blind to linguistic background and province of origin and that that means McGill is not about to lower the bar to meet admissions targets for Quebec-born and Francophone students. "If ever a handful of students apply and they are not good, they will not get in," said Vinet.

Instead of lowering the bar, he said, the goal of current recruitment efforts is to make sure that students who might not otherwise consider McGill realize what it has to offer.

"We believe McGill is interesting because it's multicultural, and one of the finest universities in Canada. That's the message to students who do not think about McGill," said Vinet.



Steve Barker

Referendum Set for SSMU Fee Hike

Question will ask students whether they want to cough up \$7.80

BY JON BRICKER
The McGill Daily

Students' Society of McGill University council approved a referendum question on Thursday that will ask students for a few more bucks - money SSMU executives hope will help promote student life on campus.

The question asks students whether they agree to give SSMU an additional \$3.90 per semester for full-time students, and \$1.95 for part-time students. Undergrads will vote on the question during SSMU elections, March 6-8.

According to SSMU VP Operations Kevin McPhee, the hope is that the fee hike will offset rising operating costs and fund student activities that SSMU is currently unable to fund.

"There's been a lot of support on Council for this and there's been a lot of

support at the faculty level as well," said McPhee. "What we're trying to do by increasing our fees is bring our revenue to the point that we can fund these things."

SSMU executives raised the idea of the Campus Life Fund (CLF) at a meeting last month. The CLF would replace the SSMU's existing Special Projects Fund, helping student groups in need of financial support for events and activities.

Although the referendum question says the fees, if approved, would go into SSMU's general coffers and makes no mention of the CLF, McPhee says he hopes that, if students approve the fee hike next month, the CLF will get underway in the near future. He added that there has been no firm commitment to put the money towards the yet-to-be approved CLF because SSMU executives did not want to confuse students with the introduction of another new fee.

In a similar referendum three years

ago, students approved a fee hike that was supposed to go towards the establishment of an SSMU-run daycare. The daycare has yet to open.

This time around, however, McPhee says that students can rest assured that future SSMU executives will see to it that the CLF is approved and that the new fees will go towards it. He admitted, however, that the concern that there's no means of guaranteeing where the money will go is "a concern that a lot of people have brought up."

SSMU clubs rep Suzy Loney said last week that she disagrees with the fee currently being proposed and that she's concerned that since the fee hike would put money into SSMU's general bank account, there should be a guarantee about how it will be used.

Nonetheless, she said she approved the question because students deserve a say in the matter.

"I think that asking students about these things is always a step in the right direction," said Loney.

Nonetheless, she took issue with the decision, also reached Thursday, that SSMU should strike a 'Yes' committee for the referendum question.

"I think that asking students about these things is always a step in the right direction."

The committee will be headed by SSMU President Wojtek Baraniak. A handful of councilors at the meeting requested that SSMU also strike a 'No' committee, however, SSMU by-laws prevent Council from doing so. That means that any students

interested in striking a 'No' committee will now have to collect 100 signatures in order to qualify for campaign funding.

Loney said that she is worried that, by approving a 'Yes' committee to be headed by SSMU's President, Council may be taking a stance on the proposal for a fee hike. She added that she thinks that SSMU executives have better ways to spend their time than campaigning in favour of the fee hike.

"With \$400-million in [provincial] cuts to education potentially coming, I don't think that execs should spend their time working on a committee for this fee," she said.

McPhee said, however, that there is nothing wrong with executives showing their support for the fee hike.

"It's clear with most council-initiated referendum questions that SSMU Council is in support of them," he said. "We're sort of just looking for ratification by the student society."



Rodrik thinks he knows how to make globalization work

Putting a New Face on Globalization

Harvard's Dani Rodrik calls for new approaches to integrating markets during a stop at McGill

BY KC CHUNG
News Reporter

Current efforts to internationalize markets are not maximizing the benefits of globalization, according to Dani Rodrik.

Rodrik, a professor at Harvard, delivered that message when he spoke to a big crowd at Concordia last Thursday. The speaking event, organized by the Karl Polanyi Institute and titled "What is Wrong With the International Market System?" saw Rodrik address the shortcomings of current efforts at globalization.

While Professor Rodrik admits there have been increased strides towards the merging of nations' domestic markets into international markets, countries are nowhere near achieving the goal of a single global market.

"Although a lot of money is sloshing around internationally, it doesn't mean there is an integration of national markets," said Rodrik.

Instead of viewing government trade policy as the barrier to globalization, Professor Rodrik says he believes there is a greater obstacle thwarting integration.

He blamed the lack of legal mechanisms to resolve disputes within the international community as an integral factor preventing further progress.

"Markets, in order to be fully integrated, have to be integrated in legal and political institutions."

Rodrik also explored the dilemma that globalization poses for developing countries. Attempts to rapidly industrialize developing nations produce a conflict between foreign investors and a developing nation's domestic policy, he said.

"We are asking developing countries to accomplish what took developed countries

200 years to do. It is a bleak picture and requires much time."

In hopes of addressing the problems with current globalization efforts, Rodrik also offered an alternative economic policy for developing countries. Instead of viewing industrialization as a standardized procedure, he thinks, developing nations must implement an economic development models that satisfy their own needs.

"You don't find wholesale reform but rather minor reforms that cause more growth and reform. It is being able to figure out what is preventing domestic businesses from investing in its own market."

"I think the only way out is a re-creation of the Bretton-Woods compromise, by striking a balance between autonomy and diversity among nation states," said Rodrik.

During the question period following the lecture, an audience member asked Rodrik to comment on the European Union's impact on globalization.

"Although a lot of money is sloshing around internationally, it doesn't mean there is an integration of national markets."

"The EU is an interesting case that illustrates the principal that economic integration requires social and political integration. It illustrates what restricts economic integration is legal and institutional boundaries. It is a successful model of economic integration and highly suggests why globalization doesn't work as it lacks proper legal and political institutions."

Fight to Keep Nanny in Canada Continues

Protesters back Melca Salvador in another rally

BY DAMIEN BUTVICK
News Reporter

Melca Salvador didn't attend the rally held in her name last Tuesday. That's because Salvador, a Filipino woman who came to Canada in 1995 as part of Immigration Canada's Live-In Caregiver Program (LCP), is being forced to leave the country - an order which she has been fighting tooth and nail.

Salvador was ordered to appear at Immigration Canada's Montreal office last Tuesday with her travel documents and a ticket home. While she did not show up, 100 of her supporters came in her place to make a point to Immigration officials. Malcolm Guy, a founding member of the Centre for Filipino Concerns saw the rally's attendance as a positive contribution to Salvador's campaign.

"If there's not public pressure, they will try to deport Melca," Guy said. "They've already tried to deport a number of women. I think it's the public pressure that will make the difference." While this form of pressure is very important, Guy added that the support of the Quebec Provincial government would help sway the Federal government's decision in this case.

"Quebec has the right to say that they would like certain people to be immigrants here," Guy noted. "It's the federal government that kicks you out and allows you in." Guy mentioned that if Premier Landry were to support the idea that Salvador should stay, "this would be a good factor in helping her." "We would like to have Quebec come on our side with this." Guy also remarked that Salvador has played an active role in the Quebec community, a reference to her volunteerism at several Filipino communities organizations.

Salvador arrived here six years ago under the auspices of the LCP, which allows workers to apply to become a landed immigrant provided they fulfill the 24-month work commitment within the first 36 months in Canada. Shortly after arriving on Canadian soil, however, she learned that she was pregnant.

She was subsequently fired from her job and found it difficult to acquire a new job while respecting the time constraints imposed under the LCP. Though she was told to leave the country in August 2000, she ignored the order, pleading that she remain here on humanitarian grounds. Her son Richard, a Canadian citizen, has asthma and she does not want to bring him with her the Philippines where there is poor healthcare, nor does she want to abandon him in Canada by himself.

Her lawyer, Bill Sloan, appeared in place of Salvador in order to appeal her

deportation but officials would not agree to meet with him without her. This is not the first demonstration that has taken place protesting Salvador's deportation; in October 2000, a similar demonstration also took place.

Louella Alatiit, a member of the McGill University Filipino-Asian Students Association (MUFASA) who showed up to the protest, felt that Melca Salvador's plight was indicative of the coldness of Immigration Canada.

"This is definitely representative of the insensitivity of the Canadian immigration system," Alatiit said. "Melca's son, Richard, he has the right to grow up with the only parent he knows."

The demonstrators said that they would return to Immigration Canada offices each week until Salvador's deportation order is reversed.

Immigration Canada did not agree to be interviewed for this story.



Protesters demonstrating against Canada's Live-In Caregiver Program in February of last year



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news-briefs



SCIENCE UNDERGRADS RESPOND TO CARNIVAL COMPLAINTS

Student complaints about excessive drinking and a potentially dangerous over-charged sexual atmosphere at the Science Undergraduate Society's annual winter carnival have led the event's organizers to re-evaluate carnival activities, the society announced last week.

In a press release, SUS said it will meet this week to strike a review committee that will re-evaluate carnival activities and determine guidelines regarding appropriate behavior for future events. The committee will likely include SUS executives, an associate dean from the science faculty, past carnival leaders, and representatives of both McGill's Women's Union and the Sexual Assault Centre of McGill's Students' Society (SACOMSS).

In the release, the SUS also apologized to students who were made to feel uncomfortable with events at this year's Carnival, held Jan. 4 - 7. Events at this year's carnival included a vomiting competition, the construction of erotic ice sculptures, a "Pimp and Hos" party, and skits in which participants were made to simulate oral sex acts.

SUS VP Internal Jayne Gardiner said last week that the decision to make changes to how the carnival is organized came after some female students brought concerns to SACOMSS. The students claimed that a bartender during one carnival activity had offered them free drinks if they flashed him.

She also said that the idea behind the changes will not limit how much fun students have during the annual carnival.

"Our main responsibility is not so much controlling participants as making sure everyone is safe," said Gardiner said. She said that SUS will welcome input at Wednesday's meeting.

Meanwhile SACOMSS External Coordinator Sarah Curry says she welcomes the initiative by SUS.

Carnivals organized by both the science and management undergrad societies have been heavily criticized in the past for combining binge drinking with an over-charged sexual atmosphere that could potentially put female participants at risk.

"Drinking combined with sexually-charged activities can be really dangerous," said Curry.

She added that she is happy that SACOMSS and the Women's Union will both be involved in the process to make future science carnivals friendlier.

"Collaboration is a great way to go about this," she said.

-Alanah Heffez

MCGILL MOBILIZES FOR QUAKE RELIEF

Almost \$9,000 has been raised at McGill in recent weeks for the relief efforts in Gujarat province in India, which has just experienced a devastating earthquake.

The McGill Indo-Pak Students' Association (MIPSA), a newly-formed

SSMU club, led the efforts by coordinating a one-week awareness and fundraising campaign.

With the help of the McGill International Students' Network, and Tamil Sangam (McGill's Tamil student association), MIPSA established canvassing points in the McConnell Engineering, Frank Dawson Adams, Shatner, and Stewart Biology buildings. In the week following the quake, students had raised over \$8,100, all of which will be donated to the International Red Cross.

According to MIPSA coordinator Montu

Gupta, a U1 Engineering student, the outpouring of student support was a reaction to the shocking conditions and high death-toll reported in the media.

"We're really happy with the support we have received from the McGill community," he said. "Raising these funds was the least we could do, sitting so far away from our home."

Both the Faculty of Engineering and the Engineering Undergraduate Society (EUS) have also pledged sizable contributions. The EUS contributed \$210 towards the MIPSA collection and the Faculty of

Engineering has promised an undisclosed amount from a special student project fund.

Associate Dean for Student Affairs Frank Mucciardi felt that in light of the Engineering Faculty's large South Asian population, such a donation was appropriate. "We have a fair number of students from that region...and we're responding to help the big family," he said.

Last week, the Indo-Canada Students' Association (ICSA) continued fundraising efforts on campus. ICSA President Niloy Basu says that it is important that McGill students get involved and help the Indians

in need in Gujarat. "McGill is Canada's number one university and as such we are expected to provide an example and be a leader in this effort," he said. The ICSA plans to collect donations of clothing and blankets over the coming weeks.

On Jan. 26, an earthquake measuring 7.9 on the Richter scale ravaged India's western state of Gujarat. Sources in the Indian government have predicted a death toll over 30,000 and the United Nations estimates the number of people left homeless at nearly 1 million.

-Amit Chandra

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High Tech Giant to Set Up Shop at McGill



Pierre-Alain Parfond

Roger Guertin details Cisco partnership on Thursday

BY ADAM SHAPIRO
News Reporter

One of the world's largest telecommunications hardware companies, Cisco Systems, announced last week that it has just reached a partnership deal with McGill to train new students through the Continuing Education department.

The Cisco Networking Academy program unofficially opened this January with an enthusiastic response from students. There are currently 80 students enrolled in the technology program and Cisco expects to at least double that number for the semester beginning in March.

"Building a strong, networking-literate

workforce is of critical importance to building a strong Canada in the information age," said Pierre-Paul Allard, Managing Director of Cisco Systems Canada Co., during a press conference on Thursday.

The program is designed for high school and college level students and has a curriculum geared towards filling the estimated 30,000 high tech jobs currently available throughout Canada. The eight-semester program is already established being used in over 3,700 schools nationally and internationally. The program prepares students to take the Cisco Certified Networking Associate exam - which would then allow them to either find a job or continue studies in post-secondary science or engineering studies.

"Technology training will boost student learning in mathematics, the sciences, language arts and the many other forms of literacy that we wish to increase for all our young people," said Robin Eley, Dean of Continuing Education.

"Cisco likes investing in universities because a dollar goes farther at universities than anywhere else," noted Roger Guertin, the continuing education department's Director of the Information Technology.

Guertin added that while the Cisco-McGill program is only one of 220 of its kind in Canada, "McGill has the distinction of being the only bilingual Cisco Systems program on the eastern seaboard."



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Engineers Try to Clear Air Over Faucet Hubbub

But tensions still running high over accusations of sexism and racism

BY JOSLYN OOSENBURG
News Reporter

Debate was heated at an emergency meeting of the Engineering Undergraduate Society last Monday, when councillors met to discuss how to respond to the messy fallout from some controversial articles in a recent edition of the Plumber's Faucet.

Contention over the Faucet began on Dec. 6 when the EUS-funded paper published an article deriding women alongside a piece commemorating the 14 female engineering students who were killed at the École Polytechnique in 1989. The same issue also contained a letter which referred to feces as "little Huxtables."

Engineering President Anjali Mishra responded to the issue in a letter to The Daily in which she criticized the Faucet's editors for racism and sexism. Her letter angered EUS executives who said that Mishra fail to get their approval before writing the letter even led to rumours of Mishra's impeachment.

At Monday's meeting, EUS councilors set out to plan an official statement and strategy for dealing the controversy.

And although the council failed to approve an official statement, EUS executives

issued their own release the next morning.

"A majority of the EUS Executive would like to state that we believe the Faucet editors did display sexism and racism in their publication," read the final statement. "The views displayed in their paper clearly do not represent the views of the EUS or its members."

"I'm happy the EUS execs have finally realized that taking a stance against racism and sexism is the only viable option."

But debate raged during the meeting over EUS' handling of the Faucet controversy to date.

Executives were criticized by representatives of QPIRG, the Women's Union, Anti-Racist Action, and the Black Students' Network, who were invited to the meeting by EUS.

The coalition of student groups presented a list of demands for dealing with the

Faucet controversy. The demands included a public apology from the EUS and the editors of The Plumber's Faucet, mandatory cultural sensitivity and anti-oppression training for Faucet staff and EUS executives, and a promise that racist and sexist material will no longer be published in EUS-affiliated publications. Most of the demands were met.

But after tensions ran high at the meeting, some of the students said that they felt that many at the EUS and the Faucet had failed to understand just how deeply offended they had been by Dec. 6 Faucet and the executives' criticism of Mishra for speaking out against the Faucet.

The Black Students' Network's Peter Flegel said that he does not feel that the statement released by the EUS executives represents a sincere apology.

"It's a success in the sense that they've agreed to our demands, but the impression that I was getting from the meeting was that it was just for damage control, as opposed to a real understanding of the problems," he said.

Flegel also said that he was deeply disappointed with the atmosphere during Monday's meeting.

"We felt lots of hostility either on the part of some members of the Executive or some

the editors, who just didn't seem to understand the extent to which the article had harmed and hurt black students and women," said Flegel. "They seem to have been dismissing our concerns as either extreme or oversensitive."

EUS executive Wesam Khoury disagrees. He said that while EUS invited the students to hear what they had to say, many were too aggressive in their approach.

"They came in big numbers, which might have seemed very intimidating to some," said Khoury. "Some people took advantage of the situation and started bashing the EUS," he added.

Mishra, however, said that she was glad that the meeting presented an opportunity to clear the air and for EUS executives and Faucet editors to hear students' concerns. "I think that over all the meeting was successful. The entire council got a better picture of the problems surrounding the Faucet, and how members outside the EUS had reacted to the article," said Mishra.



EUS President Mishra: at the centre of the controversy

She also said that despite debate during the meeting, she was happy that the release issued by the executives following the meeting finally took a stance against the offensive views expressed in the Dec. 6 Faucet. "I'm happy the execs have finally realized that taking a stance against racism and sexism is the only viable option for the EUS," said Mishra.

McGill Billed a Private School in Princeton Review

Despite confusion, McGill scores high in annual university rankings

BY ALEX SINGER
News Reporter

McGill's billing as a "private" institution in the pages of a recent edition of The Princeton Review, has many on campus questioning how it happened.

The Review, an annual publication that rates and evaluates Canadian and US post-secondary schools for would-be applicants, hit stands late last year. Since then, a number of students have expressed bewilderment at McGill's listing as Canada's only for-profit university.

When contacted, Princeton Review officials said the mistake was not theirs. Instead, they say McGill was listed as private based on information provided by McGill's own University Relations Office.

But URO Director Kate Williams insisted last week that, while she was sorry for the confusion, Canadian universities are technically publicly-funded private institutions and that's why her office submitted the forms to Princeton with McGill listed as private.

"Sometimes, ambiguity is part of a complex society," Williams told The Daily last week.

Michael Conlon isn't so sure that McGill's decision to bill itself as private was an accident, however. Instead, Conlon, the National Chairperson for the Canadian Federation of Students, suspects that McGill may be billing itself as private to attract students who think a private education is better than a public one and who can afford the big price tag usually associated with private education.

Conlon pointed to recent efforts at

McGill to forge a host of new private sector partnerships and the plan to establish McGill College International, a US-style, for-profit, private college for students prepared to pay upwards of \$30,000 a year.

"Principal Shapiro's dream of a private liberal arts college may be on the shelf for now, but I don't doubt that he, along with other university presidents, are ready to privatize," Conlon said.

Aside from the confusion over McGill's public status, McGill fared well in this year's Princeton Review, the culmination of hundreds of student surveys and statistics provided by universities across the continent.

On a 100-point scale, McGill scored an 88 in a category measuring students' quality of life, compared to a score of 79 for the University of Toronto and a 93 for Harvard. In the academic category, McGill scored a 90, compared with U of T's 75 and Harvard's 93.

The Princeton Review's article also spoke very highly of McGill, specifically concerning Montreal's city life, off-campus food, and ethnic diversity.

However, some of the harshest criticisms were saved for the governing bodies here at McGill. Comments such as, "the student government is unpopular" and the presence of "a sometimes chaotic and disagreeable administration," revealed some of McGill's shortcomings.

At the URO, Williams sought to provide a positive spin on those remarks, saying, "Sometimes chaotic can mean creative."

She also said that universities like McGill should not put too much weight on what's said about them in publications like The Princeton Review and Maclean's annual university rankings.

"You've got to take what they say in context of the institution as a whole before you make any final decisions," said Williams.

She pointed to the criticism of McGill's student services budget in this year's edition of the Maclean's rankings, as an example of how university rankings can be misleading.

In the past, Maclean's has also come under fire for not including student surveys in their evaluation and looking only at raw

statistics which are easily manipulated.

According to Princeton Review writer Robert Franek, however, the Princeton Review's use of student evaluations is one of its strengths. He says that's why he hopes

that students put a lot of weight in what the Review has to say.

"We think the best way to evaluate a school is based on the people who go there. McGill should be very proud of its scores."

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Hit Us Wojtek,
One More Time

editorial



The news broke last weekend. Rumours were circulating that the Quebec government was about to renege on a promise for \$400-million. The on-campus powers-that-be wasted no time. Student lobby groups prepared press releases and protests to chastize the province. University administrators accused the education minister of out-and-out lying. And SSMU? They wasted no time either. If the province had plans to continue to deprive its universities, SSMU executives were not about to stand idly by. Thursday afternoon, just days after the rumoured cuts hit the papers SSMU execu-

tives revealed their plan of action: hit students up for a fee hike, one more time.

In all fairness, SSMU executives were heard right alongside student lobby groups and university administrators criticizing the province. But just how mighty was that message to the province when the SSMU executives turned right around and showed they had no reservations about simply going to students for more money? Our execs were talking out of both sides of their mouth every time they said student life would suffer without public reinvestment, on the one hand, but that students can afford another fee hike on the other. With lobbyists like that speaking for us, it's hardly surprising that the provincial and federal governments feel that students can withstand the continued retrenchment of public funding.

One can only hope that students will bear that in mind next Mar. 6-8 when a SSMU referendum question asks them if they are willing to cough it up for yet another fee hike.

Clearing Up Confusion about the
Faucet Fiasco and the EUS

hyde park



BY ADIL JAWAID AND JENNIFER WU

As final-year engineering students and councillors on the Engineering Undergraduate Society, we feel the need to clarify a situation that involves the society. We feel that general public opinion has been unfairly turned against the EUS council.

There have been disagreements amongst the EUS executive over certain issues during the past year. The executive finally brought the matter to council in an attempt to rectify the situation, although we are told that they did so only as a last resort, after having attempted repeatedly to remedy this problem internally.

For this reason, the EUS council on Jan. 30 decided to conduct its meeting behind closed doors, since it involved an internal EUS matter. The situation brought to us was that on numerous occasions in the past the EUS President had used her position as a platform to voice her personal opinions and feelings on certain issues. Whether or not her opinions were justified, they were on several occasions not representative of those of the EUS executive.

The final and most infamous case of this concerned articles published in the December issue of the Plumber's Faucet. It certainly is the opinion of both the EUS

council and the EUS executive, that the content of these articles were both offensive and insensitive. Following the publication of the paper, the EUS executives approached the Plumber's Faucet editors and demanded that they publish an apology for the articles. The Faucet editors consulted immediately with POWE (Promoting Opportunities for Women in Engineering), as well as the Associate Dean of Engineering. It was agreed by the EUS executive and all parties concerned that the apology by the Faucet editors would be published in their next issue. Since this was viewed as a faculty issue and the Faucet is an engineering paper, it did not occur to the editors to consult external special interest groups.

Given this, at an EUS executive meeting it was determined that external media would not be used; an apology would be issued by the Faucet editors in their own paper. The President of the EUS was unable to make this meeting, and was therefore informed afterwards of the above decision.

When a majority of the executive reaches an agreement on a matter, it is constitutionally binding that all members of the executive stick to that decision.

Aware of the decision made, the EUS President proceeded to voice her opinion in the McGill Daily. As an outright defiance of EUS procedure indicating continued disregard for EUS executive decisions, it was felt by the remaining members of the executive that the matter must be brought before council.

After long deliberation, a motion was passed that the following would occur (summarized):

The EUS President will write an apology to the EUS council for defying proce-

cedure, and for having misrepresented their views in the past.

All statements representing the EUS made by the president must be approved by the council or the executive.

An emergency council meeting will be called to prepare a press release describing the events up to that date, to dispel rumours of presidential impeachment.

**"As members of the
EUS council, we do
not tolerate insulting
remarks towards our
colleagues."**

An EUS emergency council was called for February 5. The meeting was also attended by members of QPIRG (Quebec Public Interest Research Group), ARA (Anti-Racist Action group), the Women's Union, and the Black Students Network.

In an attempt to inform ourselves of the point of view of these groups, our council passed a motion granting them special speaking rights. They were allowed fifteen minutes of speaking time, to be used prior to the main portion of the meeting.

At the onset of their speaking rights, the head of the ARA imposed a list of demands on the EUS. The demands were presented inappropriately; there was an undertone of insult, implying racism and sexism in all EUS members present.

Although some members of these interest groups had constructive things to say, it was outdone by the offensive behaviour of others. Despite intervention by EUS executives, what followed was simply shameful.

running your finances into ground....This week's scary quote of the week: SSMU President "The Void" Baraniak on the Quebec government's bailing on performance contracts: "It's like they have SSMU execs running the province of Quebec." As they say in these parts, *je me souviens le bungle*....Enjoy your reading week, kids and remember: forward all embarrassing Cuban beach pics directly to this column at slibel@mcgilldaily.com.

ON TRACK **ON CRACK**

ON TRACK: The Market Watch
Column in the Financial Post. Where did they dig up the stellar economic mind to write this? See page 2 of FP Investing.

ON CRACK: Mother Nature. We've said it before and we'll be saying again: Drop the 'tude babe. It ain't workin' for ya.

Seeing that the discussion was degenerating and the original purpose of the meeting being overlooked, an EUS councillor prepared to leave, possibly breaking quorum and dissolving the meeting.

Upon hearing this, members of the special interest groups accused him of "hav(ing) no class", and that his opinion was "not worth two cents." After more discussion, the head of the ARA pronounced, "Sure, gang up on the brown guy". This comment enraged several councillors, who then prepared to walk out. A co-author of this article voiced that she was offended by these comments, receiving as a reply "Well, I'm offended that you're offended."

As members of the EUS council, we do not tolerate insulting remarks towards our colleagues. When one is a guest at a council meeting, one must be respectful of all those present, and observe the rules of that council. It is also vital that one avoid insulting and derogatory remarks. For fruitful discussion to evolve, statements should remain impersonal and respectful.

We would like to reiterate that the original intentions of the emergency meeting held on Monday had little to do with the Plumber's Faucet articles. It was aimed at formulating the press release chronicling the sequence of events leading up to the closed council on Jan. 30, with the intention of dispelling rumours.

We do not condone what was written in the December issue of the Plumber's Faucet. We also recognize the effort on the part of the interest groups to attend the EUS meeting because of their genuine concern. However, it is advisable that these parties inform themselves as much as possible about all facts pertaining to the topics of which they are concerned, and that they conduct themselves in a proper manner if they wish to be involved.

*Adil Jawaid and Jennifer Wu are
chemical engineering students and EUS
councillors*

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letters



FEMBOT'S PERSONAL MUSINGS
PRETENTIOUS AND SELF-IMPORTANT

Is anyone else sick of Fembot? I mean, honestly, is The Daily a newspaper or her own personal journal? As a recovered anorexic/bulimic I was extremely annoyed by her last column, "A Glamorous Story of Survival." Obviously I am able to identify with the difficulty of living with an eating disorder, but even I cannot fail to condemn Fembot's lengthy and pompous autobiographical entry. A news publication such as The Daily is not the place for a journalist to purge his or her inner demons, rather, it is a form of media designed to offer factual and relevant information. Never have I witnessed such a disgusting display of pretentious self-importance. If her goal was to offer information and help to readers suffering from eating disorders, as it ought to have been, she failed miserably. A phone number or web page to contact, support group listings, and books to refer to would have been much more appropriate offerings, and I personally am outraged at the atrociously self-indulgent waste of space – space which could have been used to provide readers with much-needed helpful resources and general information. It is obvious that Fembot has no desire to help her readers, only herself.

Kristie LeBlanc
U1 English Lit.

FEMBOT AN INSPIRATION

Fembot, I just wanted to say thank you for writing the article that you did. Perhaps not everyone understands how difficult your journey has been, and how hard it must have been for you to express it that way. I personally am on the same road that you are, and have come through the same ugly experiences. Your article touched me in a way that we 'sufferers' are not often touched – by that feeling of not being alone. I know that you get a lot of criticism, and it saddens me to see that people have such a negative reaction to feminism. I guess no one likes their perceptions to be challenged. [Kind of what anorexia is all about.] I think that with your column, you are addressing issues that are crucial to our society today, and the fact that many people don't see that should encourage you to keep going. There may be some women out there who feel that they are not affected by these concerns, and I congratulate them (although I would disagree).

However, it saddens me that this blinds

**The Daily's next issue
will hit the stands on
Thursday March 1.
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AIN'T LIFE ODD by Mike Winters

comics@mcgilldaily.com



many people to issues such as anorexia, the "invisible disease", which are growing indicators that all is not well for women living in today's world. Your column is a message to these people to open their eyes, and it is a pillar of strength for many of us, in the sidelines, struggling with our own internal battles.

Keep up the good work, girl!

Touched
U2 Arts

MORE RESPONSE TO THE FEMBOT

I would like to respond to Fembot's article from January 22nd entitled "Revisiting Roe v. Wade". As Fembot aptly points out, many things have changed since this 1973 Supreme Court decision. Abortion, once illegal, has now become commonplace. There have been pro-choice presidents a la Bill Clinton, and pro-life presidents such as George W. Bush and his father. There have been women who, in the case of an unplanned pregnancy, have decided to care for the baby themselves or give it up for adoption. Sadly, there have also been women who have aborted their

children, and since the Roe v. Wade decision 28 years ago, over 38,640,000 unborn babies have been killed by abortion (www.fatherly.org).

However, the most interesting change that has transpired since the Roe v. Wade decision has been in the person of "Jane Roe" herself, Mrs. Norma McCorvey. In 1973 Mrs. McCorvey is quoted as saying, "Though I have never had one, abortion is the sun around which my life orbits. This issue is the only one I live for. I live, eat, breathe, think everything about abortion (www.roenomore.org)."

Norma worked for the pro-choice movement and in the abortion agency itself. She was arguably the most prominent symbol for the abortion movement in the 1970s. Then, in 1995, Norma renounced her involvement with the abortion industry and was baptized a Christian. Later, in 1998, she became a Roman Catholic. Since her baptism, she has stated, "I am one hundred percent pro-life now. No exceptions, no compromises."

The fact that one of the biggest proponents of a woman's right to choose abortion, and the prosecutor in the Roe v. Wade case, has come to take a staunch pro-life stance will hopefully send a message to readers. Ironically, Fembot chose to sing "Happy Birthday" to

Roe v. Wade in the beginning of her article. It is terrifically sad that this much-lauded court case legalized the slaughter of almost 39 million babies who will never have the chance to experience a birthday. Though I believe that hearts, such as Norma McCorvey's, must be changed as well as laws, I could not be more sincere in wishing a quick death to Roe v. Wade. Only then will all the unborn have a chance to see life outside the womb.

Emily A. Bessette

FAUCET DEBACLE A TRAGEDY

I am writing to add my voice to the chorus supporting Anjali Mishra, president of the Engineering Undergraduate Society. She decided to speak out in the Daily against this display of racism and sexism, and now the other EUS executives are condemning her for doing so. EUS VP Admin Sabino DeSimini claims that Mishra's mistake was in addressing a matter internal to engineering in an external medium; she chose to broadcast the Faucet problem in The Daily instead of taking it to the rest of the EUS executives or publicizing it in the Faucet.

When I consider the less-than-stellar response we have seen from the EUS council and the Faucet since Mishra's letter, I do not place much faith in these internal procedures. An extremely inadequate apology from the Faucet editors and possible impeachment proceedings of Mishra on the part of the exec do not constitute adequate action to address the very real problem of the content of the Faucet.

If Mishra is impeached on a technicality or ordered to apologize for her letter, the EUS will send a clear message that it is not okay to fight prejudice and discrimination in all forms. They will, in essence, condone the actions of the Faucet editors.

Mishra wrote on her own behalf and on behalf of the student body that elected her as the official spokesperson of the EUS. She is not the mouthpiece of EUS council; her job is to reflect the whole of undergraduate engineering. Indeed, I hope the student body is much more committed to

fighting racism and sexism than its council appears to be.

Sarah Curry
External Coordinator
Sexual Assault Centre of McGill
Students' Society

DROP FAUCET EDS, NOT CONTROVERSY

The fact that the editors of the Faucet wish the controversy surrounding their printing articles with discriminatory content "be dropped", as one editor put it, is not surprising. Not doubt they are a bit irked by the outrage they have caused. The issues of sexism and racism, however, are quite serious and deserve to be addressed. I applaud Mishra for refusing to remain silent. Perhaps instead of dropping the issue of tolerance towards discrimination, the editorial staff of the Faucet should themselves be dropped. After all, they failed to uphold their own mandate "to accept anything unless it contains content that is racist, homophobic or sexist".

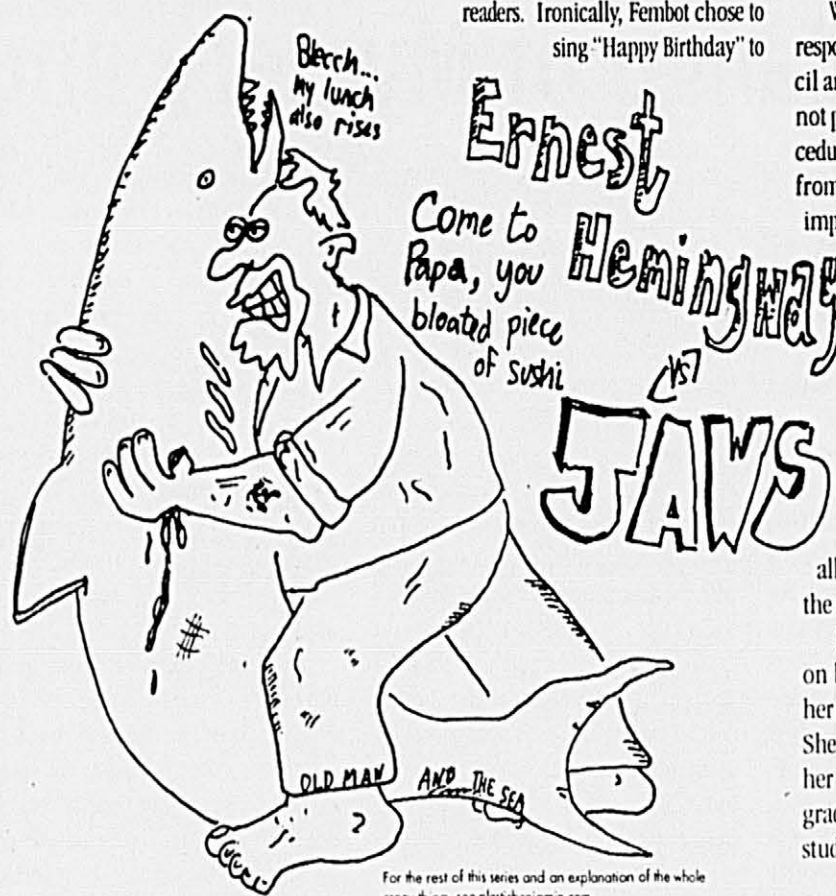
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Arts U2

FROM THE 514 TO THE 416

What exactly is wrong with your Art Dummy? While I wholly understand his need to soil the commentary pages with his rants on personal affairs, drug escapades and general non-sensical claptrap, I fail to comprehend his lack of hold on materially defined space. When will someone please be so kind as to inform him that this is not the McGill Varsity? If I wanted to hear about Mel Lastman and his TTC wranglings I'd be on the Toronto Star's mailing list. Frankly one of the best things about The Daily and McGill is that they aren't in Toronto. I hereby beseech the well-rooted editorial staff of the Daily to either put Orved on assignment exploring the endless delights of Montreal's urban politics, or to rename his column, oh I don't know, "the Spatially Discontinuous Dummy."

Jason Rebel
U3 English Literature

Send us your letters and Hyde Parks at letters@mcgilldaily.com.



For the rest of this series and an explanation of the whole crazy thing, see plasticbenjamin.com

TITANS OF LITERATURE VS. FAMOUS MOVIE MONSTERS by Steve Barker

To be Competitive, McGill Must Innovate



BY FRED SAGEL

In Samira Rahmani's Hyde Park (Jan. 29), the author expressed her outrage at the lack of innovation in the Faculty of Science. She's absolutely right. In fact, she points to a problem that not only plagues the Faculty of Science but the entire McGill community.

McGill has fallen into a trap that is common to many top research universities. Ask any student the question, "What do you least like about McGill?" and the answer will usually be the same: large, impersonal classes, discontent with the priority of research over teaching and a lack of contact with professors.

Sound familiar?

It was this kind of dissatisfaction which prompted a group of academics from top schools across the United States to form the Boyer Commission to address the ills of undergraduate education. What did they find? "Research universities have too often failed, and continue to fail, their undergraduate populations." Their solution? Innovation.

The report calls for critical reforms. Bring together students and profs with more conferences and improved research opportunities. Use more information technology in libraries. Improve the diversity and variety of programs available. Promote interdisciplinary studies, challenging students to "view their studies through many different lenses."

Rahmani's suggestion that qualified undergrads lead conferences or simply work with TAs is a great idea. She coins it a "small innovation." I prefer to say that it is a large step in the right direction.

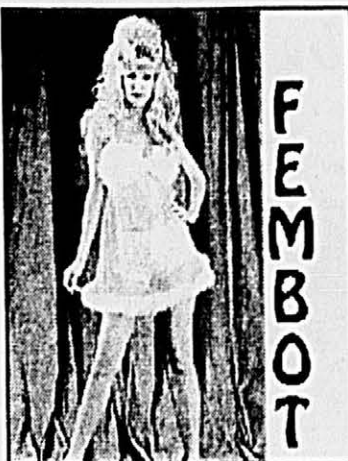
McGill must heed this call. Students are unsatisfied with their education. Our ranking and reputation, at least within Canada, continue to fall. McGill must look at ways to bring students and profs closer together. More conferences are needed, class sizes should be cut through course caps, and every first year student should have the option of taking a freshman seminar. We need better research opportunities for undergrads. MIT and UC-Berkeley already give all students the chance to work with leading profs. Why don't we?

McGill must innovate its programs and courses. Why haven't greater strides been made with inter and multidisciplinary courses? Recent innovations such as the McGill School of the Environment are a good start but they are not enough.

Why is the interdisciplinary IDS program, one of the most popular Arts majors, struggling? Why are we now only beginning to see joint-faculty programs? Why do we not have multidisciplinary degrees? Schools such as Stanford already boast a Bachelor of Arts and Science degree. They recognize that grad schools and the business world thrive on students with a diversified academic background.

I have never once doubted my decision to come here; in my mind, there is no better school in the country. But we can't settle for mediocrity. Classes are overcrowded, conferences can be improved, programs need to be more diversified. Innovation is desperately needed. By taking Boyer's recommendations to heart, as MIT, Columbia, and UC-Berkeley have already done, we can improve McGill.

Fred Sagel is a U2 Economics and History student



"Some people look at a feminist in a mini skirt and wonder how she expects to be taken seriously. And some look and wonder where she got those shoes to match"

-Paula Wehmeyer, from BUST magazine

Yeah, it was something like that, just substitute the mini-skirt with black leather pants.

It was scary stuff. In 1986, a Newsweek cover story proclaimed that a single career woman over the age of about 35, was "more likely to be killed by a terrorist" than marry. As a result, many empowered young females were taken aback, forced to rethink their decisions to prioritize their careers over immediate marriage. However, the media-induced panic surrounding this supposed man-shortage didn't last long.

Since then, the daunting statistic was disproved in *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*, Susan Faludi (the book's author) won a Pulitzer, *viva Sex and The City*, and being a single chick is way cooler these days. Even after Christina Hoff Sommers (in *Who Stole Feminism?*) used all the funding the right wing could squander to try to re-prove the faulty marriage study, sorry, Newsweek, but we're not afraid.

This Valentine's Day season, I'm using my present condition of radical-singleness for the good of humanity. Last Thursday night, I could have been at the 24-hour hockey tournament with my team, beginning my to-be-masterpiece of a term paper

Radical Singledom at a Bachelor Auction

on anti-essentialist postmodern feminist politics as exemplified by BUST magazine, or resting my poor, poor, sprained wrist for the two basketball games I would be cheerleading at on Saturday. But instead, I decided to sell my body. And now, humanity is better off for it.

At Le Swimming last Thursday evening, the political became very personal, as proceeds from a dating game and singles auction co-sponsored by McGill International Students Network and Salsa, went towards aiding The International Development Project, an activist organization whose mandate is to bring about political awareness and action. As you may have guessed, a date with yours truly was among the coveted prizes auctioned off.

It happened like this. All of the students who were going to be auctioned, were standing in line together in order of alternating gender. At this point I, umm, in all honesty, started making out with the guy waiting to be auctioned ahead of me - it was either for lack of anything better to do, or to calm my nerves, I forget which. Anyway, a date with me was subsequently sold (after a fierce bidding contest, of course) for an undisclosed amount of money to a nice boy whose name should be kept confidential as well.

Standing up there alone on the stage (well, strutting actually - it was carefully rehearsed) while the bidding was taking place, I was nothing or nobody's victim. After this, calling myself the victim of some underground system of female exploitation masquerading as a mild-mannered dating game, seems rather stupid.

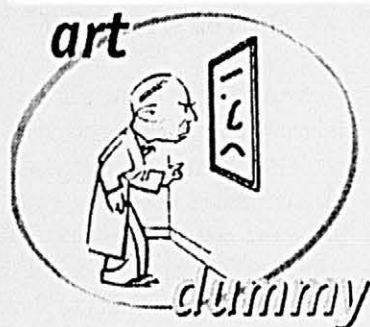
Quite simply, I don't buy it. Feminist writers and activists Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin might differ with me on this subject. They pretty much think

that feminine objectivity is ingrained in almost everything we do, so compromising with something that broad is a bit problematic (MacKinnon has also been ridiculed as the "anti-porn-star" of the feminist movement a-okay, so I should stop reading Katie Roiphe). But I don't entirely disagree with MacKinnon and Dworkin's position, as their legislative struggles against the porn and prostitution industries (industry is key) made an important impression on mainstream culture in a 'we're-not-gonna-take-it' type way.

I do not take on the post-feminist: porn-and-sex-workers-are-the-key-to-a-better-America stance either. I'll call myself a post-feminist in the post-patriarchy, thank you very much.

My sentiments on the auction are as such: taking a situation that was previously thought to be objectifying and oppressive, and converting it into a personally subjective, equal opportunity (as both men and women were auctioned, and men and women could bid), and charitable experience, is subversion at its best, and moreover a final frontier of sorts for the female cause. But at the same time, we must recognize it as an opportunity for which the efforts of Dworkin and MacKinnon have cleared the way.

As for the guy standing in front of me on line, we found each other again later in the night, when I took him into a stall in the women's room with me, and we hooked up. About twenty minutes later, he tells me: "I guess your friends told you I was a player" (they had). I interrupted him: "Well guess what? I think I'm a bigger player than you are." I then playfully shoved him against the stall wall, kissed him goodbye, fixed my clothes, and left. Without looking back.



BY JOHN ORTVED

I was awoken this morning by a horrific noise that shattered my eardrums and brought my glossy eyes to the shaky brink of reality. The noise engrained in my cranium a pain so severe that it has yet to diminish, never mind depart. Today was one of those hangover days where the smallest itch became the largest infestation of scabies known to science, one of those hangover days where the stench of smoke cannot be washed from your skin and even the memory your friends being hounded about the streets of Montreal in a violent chaser chase cannot comfort you (for those unfamiliar with the chaser chase; it is a non-professional sport, invented by my dog

A Fandango of Mystery and Intrigue

and myself, where there is no real chaser or chasee, and no real reason for pursuit, but everyone pretty much just chases everyone, of course with hilarious results and violent repercussions if either party is successful in their pursuit).

The noise was my entrance buzzer, never a pleasant sound by which to awaken, or so the FedEx delivery learned as we engaged in a more one-sided game of chaser chase (once the package had been signed for) involving my half-naked self, a curtain iron and a shit-scared delivery boy with a bent fender and a very messy uniform. Not that anyone isn't, but I'm always especially exhilarated to receive a package. It's one of those weird validations like a valentine, or being saved from a fire; somebody loves me. Also, FedEx has a magical ability to suspend my ubiquitous paranoia and suspicion; I open packages with the temerity of Phaeton, always expecting the best, never a bomb. This morning I received a plane ticket to St. Maarten. It

was a one-way deal and I'm a little weary about getting home come the 25th, but I can't pass up sun, surf and synaptic overload, so I'm going anyway. I know who the ticket is from and I actually have little choice in the matter; people who live in the tropics mean business, and invitations are a mere formality.

The fact that the ticket's missing a return counterpart makes me think this trip might last a little longer than McGill allows, then again, what can a boy expect when he makes friends like mine. Should I be seduced by nude beaches, coconut groves and first-rate hashish, or should I disappear mysteriously, leaving behind only a cowboy hat and an alphabetical list of my enemies, know that this might be my last communiqué. If we learned anything from *Braveheart*, it's that just when you think someone's dead, they'll ride into your bedchamber on a horse and split your skull with a ball and chain, so don't you try and fuck me if I don't come back; I speak flu-

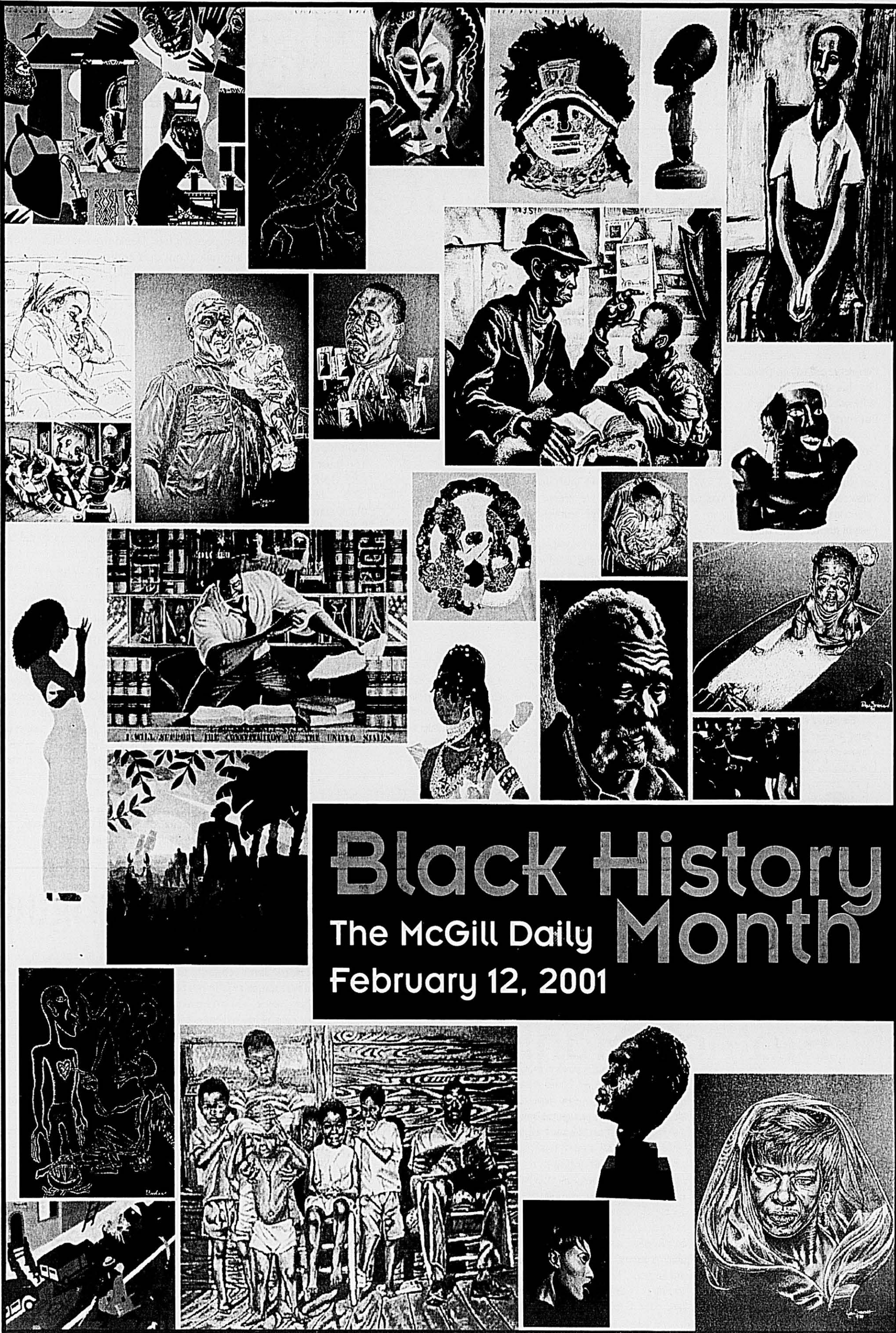
ent equus and I can build entire dining room tables with my bare hands, so believe me, a ball and chain will be no problem.

The possibility of not returning to McGill came up again earlier last week while I contemplated spending next year in Denmark, studying abroad as one of those asshole exchange students who comes to your country, doesn't speak the language, consumes everything in sight, then goes home having absorbed your superior universities, culture and women, leaving behind only his garbage and opinions on why the Leafs are so awesome.

In the end, I decided I'm more needed here. Not so much by anyone or for anything in particular, but who would the crazy lady outside my building proposition if I was all the way in Copenhagen? No one, that's who. And that's what will bring me back from the tropics. The crazy lady? Yes, but also this place that has become my hall of mirrors and house of fun. Indeed, I shall return. I might have to stowaway on

a cruise ship (imagine all the great pharmacy dime-novel erotica stories that line of thought could produce), or work my way up the coast as the sideshow for an insane magician whose cape is of the softest velvet and whose top hat holds all the secrets of the cosmos.

Yes, reading week will be a fandango of mystery and intrigue; I have no clue what lies in stow for me, but I'm a virile young thing and I have faith that my affinity for this place, and these lines, will bring me back. No matter how long I'm gone, or how far my flying carpet of unpredictability takes me, I will come back to you Montreal. It's just like Braveheart says, "No matter what occurs, I will find you." And I will. I will come back to this city and this apartment; this place where I am truly at home. This place where I can make endless smoothies and cocktails with only the most welcome interruptions; visits from friends, the ringing of the phone, mystery packages in the early morning hours.





Escape from Babylon

by Ricky C. Gordon

I an I just want to live then die
With my head held high inna Zion

People get ready to push
For this struggle
Will not end till we each
Put our hands forward.

Do we even know what we are pushing?
Have we forgotten the cries from within us
for change?
Who are you and where are you from?

People get ready to push
And the Almighty will lead the way
To the path of righteousness.
No time to cry
Time to sweat blood.

Where are we going?
Do you hear the cries of our African brothers
and sisters?

Do you see the devil's work amongst us?
Come people get ready to push
For a better day to rest
And enjoy the pleasures of dance and music.
Wheel and come again with the sweet reggae vibes!
Listen to the sounds of fighters
And understand why we must move together
as one.

Where is Babylon?
Can we push down its walls of power?
Can we create for ourselves and stop the
fighting amongst each other?

Pursue knowledge and you will be in the right
To understand why we push.
Doubt will lead you astray and leave us lost.
Who ready to push?
Come let we spin the wheel in our favor
As one unit.

People get ready to push.

by Akil Goin



A Neo-Revolutionary Brotha's Manifesto

by Issac B. Simple

Today, I plan to televise the revolution, live
To all my black peoples.
I pledge to tell them of the inequality,
And the prejudice they face at
Work,
School,
And everywhere.
Brothas and Sistahs are dying, and yet
My people don't seem to care.
Yeah, I'mma tell em about CIA plots,
Tell em 'bout police brutality, and then
They'll have no choice but, to see reality.
I am a revolutionary brotha, and so
I know what's goin' down in tha streets.
I wanna educate the lost sistahs, and

Wake up my brothas to the incoming fleets.
Got myself a degree from school,
So you know I ain't nobody's fool.
You all don't see society for what it really is.
Pay attention to the daily mental appeasement
you give
For mere B+'s and A's
From "teachers" who point us in wrong
ways.
But don't worry, I won't let y'all get lost,
Cause I will be sure to televise the revolution.
But, now that I look at my watch and see the time,
The revolution is going to have to wait.
So I can crack open a 40, smoke a dime,
And watch "Survivor" at eight.

Gangster Rap

by nah-ee-lah

Gangster rap got a bad rap.

Can't seem to escape the scapegoat's fate. Demonized as black youths
rise, make loot and talk about their realities lived, because the
real minority dwells in high class privileged society - white-col
lar crime, suave, intellectual robber.

Blue/black collar crimes motivated by worn-in and stretched thin, thread
lines.

No clothes to clothe a baby's back, chronically escaping life's rock hard
realities.

So gangster rap gets a bad rap

Cause white middle class youths are buying it up, soaking it in, subcon
sciously or consciously realizing the results of having a messed up
history, and they're steadily realizing that their ancestors were
the oppressors who enslaved the brave.

Guilt plays funny tricks and manifests intself in many ways.

You must learn

KRS-ONE rhymed many years ago, and I did - not from a tax-paid
teacher but from a real MC about my history.

Black man invented the traffic light

Storp dead in your tracks, this ain't no flashing red light.

Don't proceed with caution when you're condemning an art form.

Rapping gangsters couldn't rap what they didn't know.

Who sowed those seeds of poverty in the black communities?

"I colonize thee.

And now pronounce thee less than human.

Laws we'll enact to state you're less than one eighth of a man."

And then they'll quote Bible scriptures to justify slavery.

"Can I get an Amen?"

Or better yet a witness to attest to the fact that with the quickness we
were branded as beasts.

Cause triple sixes were getting their fixes by eating out their hearts.

Light's green so now try to squeal clean with your hypocrisies.

Gangster rap was ghetto music for brown-skinned ghetto youths called
black. And as long as the crime stayed in that zone and as long
as the violence only affected those with that tone of skin,
nobody was trying to legislate or drop parental advisories on
CDs or tapes.

There were no advisories or warning signs for the Africans who were
ripped from all regions. The sticker should have read, "Warning,
explicit inhumane treatment for the next 500 years, followed by
another few hundred years of psychological enslavement during
which, you will be chastised for mourning and retribution will
be dismissed."

All for three easy installments of 1999 - has come and gone and not
much has changed. Metal chains exchanged for complexes of
inferiority. Ancestors once lynched, chained, pummeled and
raped to build the Caribbean and every last one of the American
states, the same economy that Canadians now rely on.

And still the real minority is living privileged off of dry black blood once
red by now caked on brown skin.

200 lashes cause she looked massa in the eye. Now turn the other cheek.
They'll give you a God to worship, but will only teach you scriptures that
will have you thinking God wants you to be weak.

Eye for an eye - my bible says

And the scriptures tell no lie, nor do the 10 Crack Commandments
Those were no notoriously long tales or biggie stories, but suave, intel
lectual business plans by a business man.

And still gangster goes the bad rap for truth telling to a continent found
ed on lies and stealing.

Now trying to reprimand those trying to do the same.

Inevitably you reap what you sow.

Who bit the hand that fed them initially?

"Sign this treaty big chief."

So who's been the real thief throughout this history?

Who's really been gangster civilizing, gangster colonizing, gangster pum
meling, gangster raping, gangster living, gangster killing
throughout this history?

And gangster rap gets the bad rap?



On the Rhodes to Social Change

BY MELANIE NEWTON
Black History Month

Several years ago, towards the end of my undergraduate days at McGill, I was talking to one of my favourite History professors about graduate school, and he asked me if I had thought of applying for a Rhodes Scholarship. My reaction was something along the lines of: Oh please! I'd never get it, and even if I did, I'd probably hate Oxford!

The next year, I was on a plane headed for England, the latest Rhodes Scholar from the Commonwealth Caribbean.

Initially, being at Oxford can give you the illusion that you've entered a space where everyone feels equal. The university's reputation is a powerful magnet which draws incredible people from all the corners of the world, creating an atmosphere which is one of the most fulfilling aspects of being a graduate student in Oxford.

But, however compelling the illusion, it wasn't long before I noticed that there were pitifully few students from Africa, South Asia, Latin America or the Caribbean. Black students account for less than 0.01 per cent of the student population. It's a bitter irony that, without the Rhodes Scholarships, there would be even fewer black students in the university.

The underrepresentation of students of African descent is extreme in Oxford, but it's a problem throughout British higher education. This isn't only because of racial inequality - Britain is a deeply class-stratified society. The idea of going to university at all is practically unthinkable to many people of working class origin, and the elite world represented by Oxbridge seems like another planet.

Even today, nearly 50 per cent of Oxford's students are the products of privately-funded

primary and secondary education. The rate of change is scandalously slow, but Oxford will not institute affirmative action or comprehensive outreach programs to boost applications from state-funded schools in inner-city areas, where poor children and children of colour are concentrated.

Institutional racism and insensitivity in the educational system tend to push black children out of school before they reach university age. As a result of these factors, I met only one British-born and state-school educated undergraduate of either Caribbean or African background while I was at Oxford.

Oxford authorities claim that the student body remains homogenous largely because people of more diverse backgrounds just won't apply. To a certain degree, this is true. Public perceptions reinforce the Oxford myth, that if you aren't of the right class, colour and gender, you shouldn't even bother trying.

Oxford could be an intimidating place, and I do have many memories of feeling alienated. There were some incidents of racism, usually very subtle. But there was more to Oxford than its institutional character, and when I look back on my time there, unpleasant moments or people are not what I remember first.

I think of my next door neighbour in college, a Peruvian ex-trade unionist, who told stories of events which were beyond my power of imagining. I remember one of my best friends, the daughter of a small-town German shopkeeper, who, before me, had never had a black friend, and whose determination to learn more about my reality taught me that people are not necessarily to blame for their ignorance. She helped me research and write an article condemn-

ing Ian Smith's invitation to speak at Oxford's Debating Union, although she hadn't even known who he was just days before.



from most other universities, and the facilities are fantastic. Rather than turning our backs on institutions like Oxford, or blood-money like the Rhodes Scholarship, students of colour should move in, and demand

that these institutions change to meet the challenges of the world we live in.

Melanie Newton is Assistant Professor of Caribbean History at the University of Toronto and a former McGill Daily editor.

I'm not trying to make Oxford sound like the realization of the UN ideal, it certainly is not. But there are few other universities with such a high concentration of such unusual people.

For example, there was the ex-guerilla fighter from El Salvador, who helped to negotiate the recent peace settlement ending the war, and whom I really wish I'd had the time to get to know better. Some people had to overcome unbelievable barriers to get to where they were, and their presence always reminded me - in a more concrete way than I would have learned at most other universities - that there are more struggles in the world than mine.

At the end of the day, Oxford's name speaks with a voice louder than two degrees

BY AKIL GOIN



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Black History Month

The McGill Daily
February 12, 2001



17

in a variety of faculties, without ever learning specifically about Africa.

Last year, ASC organized Africana Congress 2000, which assembled over 200 participants from across North America to celebrate and critically re-evaluate 30 years of African Studies in Canada. ASC is currently circulating copies of their most recent development plan, a document entitled *Envisioning Africana Studies: Tradition and Innovation at McGill*, in the hopes of creating a campus-wide coalition of African Studies supporters.

"We're running around, organizing conferences, launching campaigns, circulating petitions, and sometimes it seems like administration is just wasting our time."

tion of African Studies supporters.

But many ASC members feel that despite all the effort they have put in, African Studies remains in as tenuous a position as ever. "We're running after the university, making sure [administrators] do their job. And nobody seems to want to take responsibility for what is going on with the program," says Schumann. While she says that ASC is quick to act on any suggestions from the administration on how to improve the lot of the African Studies program, the group is becoming increasingly wary that their efforts are being put to good use. "We're running around, organizing conferences, launching campaigns, circulating petitions, and sometimes it seems like [administration is] just wasting our time."

LACK OF WILL OR LACK OF RESOURCES?

For the members of ASC, these problems facing African studies are a result of shortage of political will on the part of administration. "It seems that much of the University has some difficulty seeing African Studies as *as* important as other things."

But Luc Vinet, McGill's Vice-Principal Academic, says that while improving the African Studies program is a clear priority for McGill administration, there are simply no funds available to do so. "There is a will, but no resources," he says. "The fact is that the reasons are standard. It's just that we lack resources, both at the professorial level and at the level of space."

Vinet points out that African Studies is only one of the many programs which is currently underfunded due to the budget crises. "It's the same across the university. We are even forced to cap computer science courses.... [W]e are reflecting, as a university, on ways to improve the situation."

The administration has, in fact, taken

note of ASC's efforts. Vinet applauds the committee's work. "I find it remarkable. It has been done at a level I've rarely seen, actually. I find this impressive... students have taken a wonderful leadership when typically it's professors who take the lead."

But Vinet also repeats that the administration is strapped for cash, and that increasing funding to African Studies would mean decreasing funding in other areas. "Since we cannot do everything, we have to make choices," he says. Vinet adds that since decisions at McGill are made in a "consensual and consultative manner," acquiring more funds for African Studies "requires convincing people, at the departmental and faculty level, that this is the way to go."

But Echenberg is concerned that given the all-around lack of resources, there could be an insurmountable reluctance among other departments to support African Studies. "The departments think that if area studies become popular, it might be at the expense of their own departments - so there's a conflict of interest...with the limited resources, everyone is saying 'Me first!'"

But Peter Flegel, a co-ordinator of ASC, feels that the funding crisis is "irrelevant" to the success or failure of African Studies. The program is on the A-list for a chair, which means that it is a top priority for funding that is sought from private sources. But Flegel insists that it has been on that list for several years, and there has been no effort on the part of the administration to solicit those funds.

The difficulty, according to Flegel, is in

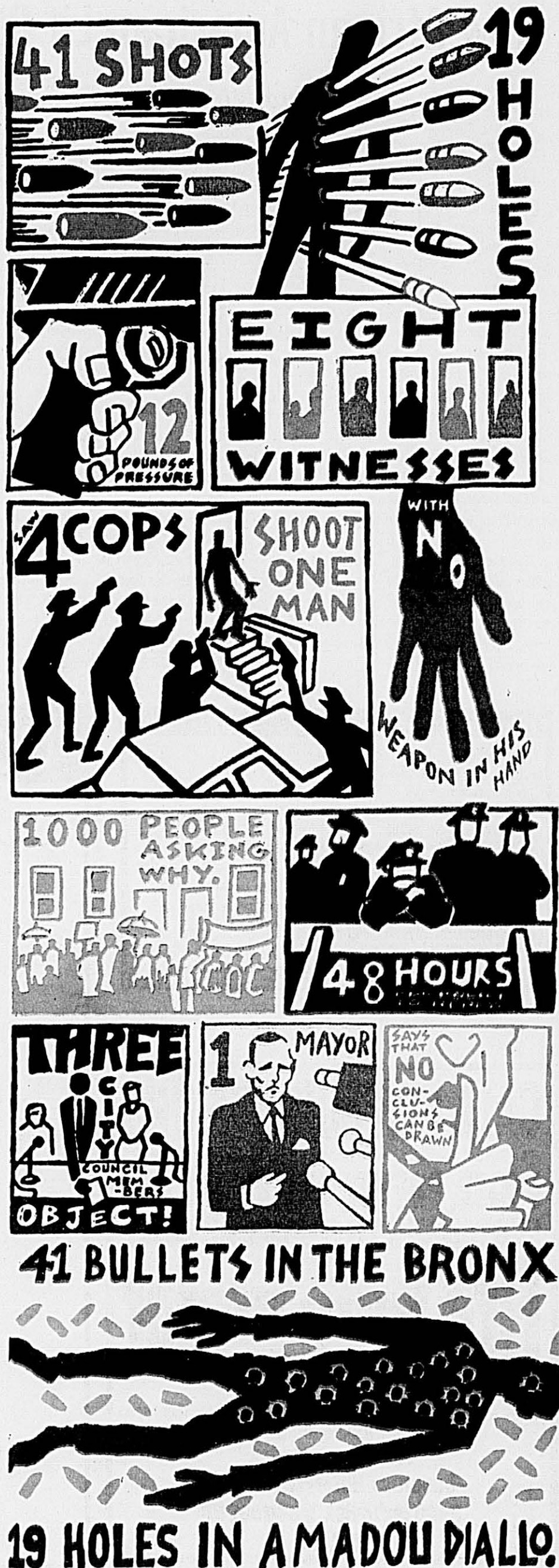
"The way in which they [the administration] formulate their educational policies do not necessarily correspond to the needs of students."

trying to work against a particularly conservative mentality. "The impression I'm getting is that we're working against a large conservative block. The way in which they [the administration] formulate their educational policies do not necessarily correspond to the needs of students. Nor do they correspond to the University's fundamental obligation to provide its students with quality universal and interdisciplinary knowledge."

While Flegel appreciates, in theory, the "consensual and consultative" nature of decision-making that Vinet is advocating, he asserts that "there are times when the situation itself requires [the administration's] intervention to either fundraise or reform the existing state of affairs, so that it actually corresponds to the University's goals and to some kind of higher principles."

19 HOLES IN AMADOU DIALLO

by Seth Tobocman, with special thanks to the Concordia Students' Union





New African American Lit Class Fuses History and Culture

English prof Lisa Radinovsky takes a new approach

BY AYESHA WHARTON
Black History Month

“It is impossible to understand African American literature and culture without understanding African American history,” says McGill English prof Lisa Radinovsky.

Radinovsky, who teaches the new course on African American literature, feels that history and literature are so intertwined that they can not be seen in separation. The texts for her course offer a chronological overview of the writings of African Americans throughout history, ranging from slave narratives to contemporary 20th century novels. Each text was carefully chosen to illustrate the links between Black American culture and history.

“Twentieth-century African American authors continued to depict the effects of prejudice, segregation, limited choices, racist laws and policies, and a history of slavery, experimenting with genre, form, and style to produce literature that has

received extensive critical acclaim,” she says.

Radinovsky gives the example of a 19th century slave novel *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass* — one piece of writing

“It makes people respond with a lot more emotion”

on her curriculum — as a book that not only served to document African American history, but influenced it as well.

“[This book] was an important part of abolitionists’ efforts to convince white Americans that slavery was intolerable, and that readers should actively work to end it,” she explains. The book is especially meaningful because of the fact that, “the major contributions to society that a former slave like Douglass made would have been impossible under slavery.”

Radinovsky says that books like Douglass’ teach the reader not only to understand the historical context of the Black American experience, but also to see that American blacks have helped shape their own history.

“We can learn a great deal from the texts we are reading about African-American history: racist views, actions, and laws in the United States,” said Radinovsky. Not only that, we are also able to learn about, “African Americans’ responses to such racism; and their pro-active efforts to improve their educational, economic, and social situations.”

Michael Weinstein, a U3 North American Studies student in Radinovsky’s class, says that the fusion of history and culture in her class has made it all the more interesting.

“I feel like I am gaining a history lesson and reading a story at the same time,” he said. “I think the historical context is what makes the class so interesting because it makes people respond with a lot more emotion.”



Professor Radinovsky feels that history and literature are intertwined

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Thoughts of A Little Mixed Girl

BY JOY ASIBEY
Black History Month

In 1976 my dad turned his back on the steamy heat, the cocoa and gold infused soils of Ghana to study his way out poverty: overseas he could create the man he wanted to be. So he closed the door on Kumasi, took a seat on Ghana Airways flight 0313 and blazed into Canada on Highlife rhythms. It was here in Quebec that he met my mother at an African party. Swinging bell bottoms and Soft Sheened® Afro he sashayed to her breezy skirt and honeyed hair. She was a French student from British Columbia — beautiful, intelligent and open to the world. That evening she wasn't looking for love, not looking for a black knight—just a dance. They moved and sweat, dancing wet to *soukous* sounds under Canadian skies. They made history on the dance floor. A few months later they married; a year later they had me. I am the joy of a white and black union.

So here I am: a cappuccino, milk chocolate, honey nut, café au lait, caramel coated little mixed girl. Sounds deliciously exotic? Wait. They also say I'm a half caste, half breed, mulatto, jungle fever baby — a nigger to some, not black enough for others. But I refuse to be what other people see. I ain't gonna sing you no miscegenation blues about my confused racial identity.

Sure, as a little mixed girl growing up in Ottawa the ride wasn't always smooth. On the one hand the world inside my home was a comfortable blend of scents, sounds and styles, a perfect reflection of my "twness." My parents embraced each other's cultures, and so Ghana and Canada were stirred into my food, painted on the walls, represented in the music, books, and family friends which floated through our house.

On the other hand, life beyond my home left me dangling between races. I burst out of the bounds of racial and cultural classification. I was different; my light skin and fluffy hair begged the questions: What are you? Are you adopted? It seemed that my identity was more important to others than myself. I never quite knew how to respond except by delivering a brief sketch of my parents — "My dad's black and my mum's white" — an answer which said little about how I identified myself.

Identity was a sticky issue. My dad often reminded me that, although I was biracial, the world saw me as black, and as a black girl I would have to work harder to stay ahead in a white man's world. Case closed. Identity issues solved. Hand poised to mark an X on the box labeled "Black." Yet it wasn't that simple. I was a little mixed girl at

ease in a white world. I lived in a white neighborhood, went to a white school, had white friends. Here I felt comfortable, unthreatened, and for the most part, accepted. I was well acquainted with my Canadian half.

Among a crowd of black faces, however, was I black enough? I hate to admit it, but for a time I was intimidated by black folks. At Ghanaian parties or functions I felt like an outsider, worrying that I wasn't accepted as the other children were; fearful that everyone was watching and whispering, "She thinks she's black, doesn't she, but she's not." My hand hesitated above the Black box. It wasn't easy being a brown girl in a black and white world.

Writing this I hear myself singing the first notes of a miscegenation blues. But don't assume the lyrics are about a stained child, lost and troubled as a result of interracial love. Being a little mixed girl meant that at times I felt different and misunderstood by both blacks and whites. It wasn't a negative experience, but something to

think about. And perhaps that's the point. I've had to think about my racial identity. I've had to come to an understanding about who I am and to decide how I will represent myself.

Today, I've grown into my skin. I feel happy and strong with who I am. My roots tangle in two directions and I am the bridge that crosses the cultural chasm. I love my duality and the insights it brings. I am the joy of a white and black union.



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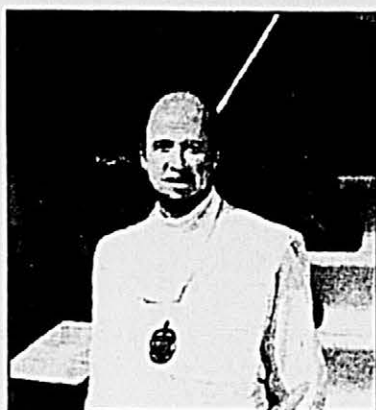
The following was found in the margins of W.E. Gladstone Murray's journal on February 14, 1927: Aw, Aw baby, Yeah, ooh yeah, huh, listen to this. Spy on me baby use satellite, Infrared to see me move through the night I'm gonna fire shoot me right I'm gonna like the way you fight. And I love the way you fight.

"Now you found the secret code I use to wash away my lonely blues, well. So I can't deny or lie cause you're a Sexbomb sexbomb you're a sexbomb uh, huh. Disestablishmentarianism. You can give it to me when I need to come along give it to me Sexbomb sexbomb you're my sexbomb And baby you can turn me on baby you can turn me on You know what you're doing to me don't you? Ha ha, I know you do.

"No don't get me wrong ain't gonna do you no harm no Pickles. This bomb's made for lovin' and you can shoot it far. I'm your main target come and help me ignite. Ow. Love struck, hold me tight darlin'."



Is there an Otherworldly Presence in McGill's Administration?



Pilon Perford

So there we were, casually perusing The New York Times Magazine last weekend when we noticed it. Raël, the Quebec-based leader of the alien-fixated Raëlian cult is a dead ringer for Luc Vinet, the Quebec-based Vice Principal of McGill University. Add to this the facts that L. Ron Hubbard's *Battlefield Earth* was filmed at McGill and Bernard Shapiro's striking resemblance to John Travolta and you begin to see an out-of-this-world trend.

It's Literary Contest Time Again!

It's that magical time of year again. Time to squeeze the poetic juices out of the inner crevices of your cranium for The McGill Daily's Literary Contest. The contest was a staple of McGill's literary life in the 50's and 60's, when winners included such luminaries as Leonard Cohen and Irving Layton. We revived the contest last year, and were buoyed by the outpouring from McGill's literary community. And now we're proud to bring it back for 2001.

We're looking for poetry and short stories. All entries should be typed on white 8.5x11" paper with a cover page stating your name, year and program, phone

number, email and a brief biographical sketch to be published with the winning entries. As the entries will be coded and judged anonymously, please do not put your name on any pages other than the cover. The deadline is 5:00 on Thursday, March 15 and entries should be submitted to the box in The Daily office.

We're still amassing judges and prizes, and details will be announced in future issues. Last year's judges included novelist Andrew Pyper and McGill professors Brian Trehearne, Natalie Cooke and Robert Lecker, while prizes included fantastic gift certificates at a host of bookstores.

Dude, Where's My Car?

BY STEPHANIE SHAUGHNESSY

One of the biggest challenges I dealt with when I came to McGill almost a year and a half ago didn't have anything to do with tuition, scary roommates or finding the best price on Kraft Dinner. It involved my car. More specifically, where to park said car. I will be the first to count myself among the lucky college students to actually own their own car, but finding somewhere to put it in a city that's built like a giant one-way rabbit warren can be more trouble than it's really worth. Fortunately, my car rests comfortably in an indoor garage at a rate of 75 dollars a month, a sacrifice which means I have to eat those ninety-nine cent tins of mystery meat from the discount bins at the Metro. But it is well worth it. Even still, my car is subject to dings and scrapes that no one claims blame to. After seeing the mechanical ballet that goes on after every snowfall, however, I'm all the more grateful that my car is tucked away safely inside, dings, scrapes and all. No, I'm not talking about the cars that skid out of control or spin their wheels to get out of snowbanks, I'm talking about the few who are lucky enough to find parking on the street, but come back to find their cars gone, towed away by the mean snow removal crew.

It's not really the snow removal crew's fault, however, after all they are courteous enough to put up those great big bright-orange "no parking snow removal" signs

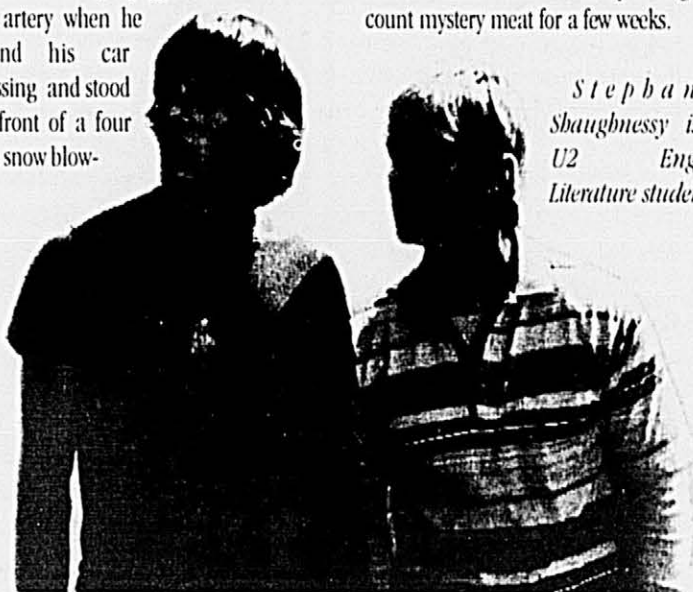
that no one ever sees, even the people who live in the neighborhood and have had their car towed time and time again. Not to mention the tow trucks that blare their horns for a good 15 minutes before they even begin, so everyone within thirty miles who may have their car parked there has a chance to move it, but no one ever does. Not long after the cars are taken away the cry of "Where the *fuck* is my car?" will permeate my reading for hours on end.

What's most troublesome of this whole situation, however, is the fact that these people have the gall to be upset at the city. I have to admit that watching these incidents have become somewhat of a recreational sport for me, and every so often there are a few live wires who try strange tactics in their time of upset. Last week, for instance, an angry hormonal male coming out of Currie Gym popped an artery when he found his car missing and stood in front of a four ton snow blow-

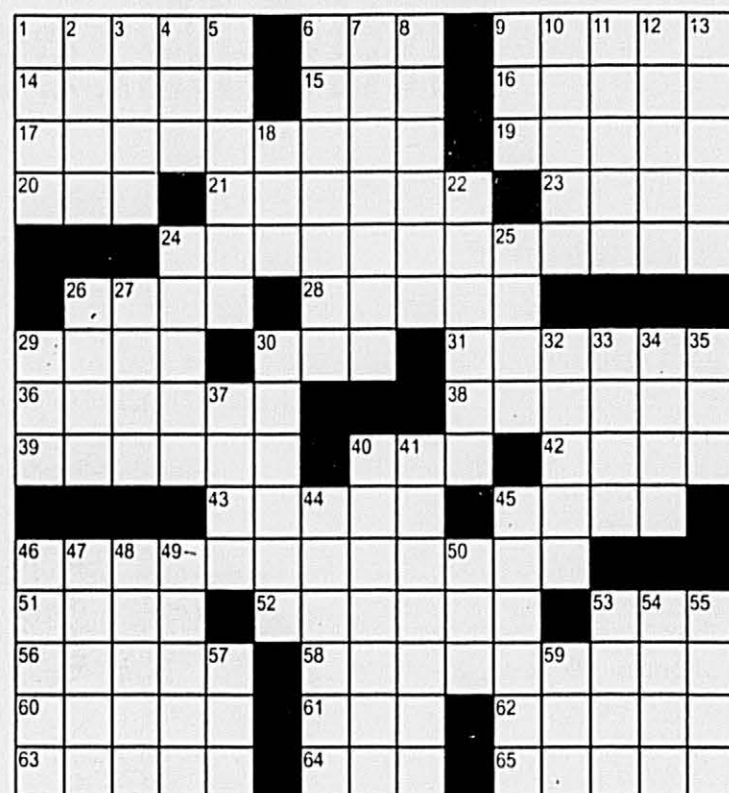
er, shouting obscenities and refusing to move until someone brought his car back. Four-tonne snowblower vs. a wee, angry hormonal male...who's going to win that one? You be the judge.

Like most college students, my finances are less than adequate, but safe, indoor parking abounds in Montreal, especially in the McGill area, if you're willing to shell out only a few dollars. It's far less than you'll end up paying the impound boys to get your car back, and if it snows, at least you won't have to dig yourself out. If you're actually stupid enough to ignore the big bright orange signs and Voice-of-God tow truck horns, then you truly deserve to have your toy taken away from you. But please, don't have a hissy-fit about it, it *is* your fault, and when worst comes to worst, you shell out a few hundred dollars to get your car back and have to end up eating discount mystery meat for a few weeks.

Stephanie Shaughnessy is a U2 English Literature student



BUT NOT IN THIS BUSINESS



ACROSS

1. Fix errors in Java
6. Mil. award
7. Not skinny
14. MSG, e.g.
15. Greek vowel
16. Artoo _____
17. Quip, part 1
19. Use these to clean your ears
20. Christmas drink
21. 43-across's instruments
23. Tops the cake
24. Quip, part 2
26. It sits on your shoulders
28. Current inventor?
29. Child's toy
30. Soviet Socialist Republic, abbr.
31. Maine national park
36. With 30-across, author of quip
38. See 36-across
39. A telescopic instrument
40. Nice life?
42. Types of gifts
43. Artist John
45. Japanese wrestling
46. Quip, part 3
51. Columnist Barrett
52. Goes to bed
53. Movie star Ryan
56. Starting from, on price notations
58. Quip, part 4
60. Gibbons of "Entertainment Tonight"
61. "No" on the Seine
62. Palindrome: _____, I'm Adam

63. Performed a math operation
64. Hotel abbr.
65. Leaves

DOWN

1. Morning time
2. Switch tail?
3. LPGA Hall of Famer Patty
4. Sturm _____ Drang
5. Struggled for breath
6. Purifies seawater
7. Skunks
8. Brick layers
9. At once, abbr.
10. Allowed to enter
11. City in Dreiser's "American Tragedy"
12. Someone's who blue
13. Lynching group
18. Have the flu
22. Peace
24. Like corduroy
25. Texas town
26. "Give a _____, don't pollute"
27. "Born Free" lioness
29. Spinners
30. Fissile rocks
32. Black Scottish cattle
33. Physics measurement
34. Jafar's bird
35. Classifieds
37. Dock
40. Elect
41. A place of fiery heat
44. Claw
45. Chinese dish, _____ Chicken
46. Musical lyrics
47. Sharpened
48. Done
49. Bandage material
50. Unfold, in poetry
53. Not a mini or a maxi
54. Coup d' _____
55. Currie, et al.
57. Mouse's place
59. Canada's nat'l sport, abbr.

LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION

T	A	S		P	O	M		G	M	S
I	S	H		A	A	A		R	A	T
G	P	A		S	K	I		U	P	A
R	E	D	W	O	O	D		E	L	I
E	N	Y	A		L	O	L	L	E	D
			S	C	I	F	I			
K	A	R	P	O	V		E	B	B	S
A	P	E		S	E	Q	U	O	I	A
S	P	A		M	E	R		O	R	D
E	L	D		I	L	S		M	C	L
M	E	S		C	M	T		S	H	Y

by Jane Bore, The McGill Daily

The Talk Down There

McGill cast and crew make Vagina Monologues debut memorable

BY JASON REHEL
Culture Reporter

Montreal's first ever production of Eve Ensler's critically acclaimed *The Vagina Monologues*, which will play to three sold out crowds next week at Redpath Museum, is quite possibly the most unique piece of theatre that Montreal will see this year. The cast of six young McGill women is talented and especially well-suited to their roles. The direction is precise and inspired. The production on the whole is a remarkable achievement, with the only real and true problem being that it will be available for only three engagements.

Part of the "V-Day 2001 College Initiative," the production finds its roots in the V-Day movement that originated in New York City in 1997. It is an initiative that not only calls for the end of violence towards women, but also takes the crucial next step in demanding an environment where women can "spend their lives creating and thriving rather than surviving or recovering from terrible atrocities." The college productions, taking place all over the world during Valentine's week, are what director Alison Lemoine describes as a "virtual simulcast," designed to create a widespread awareness of the need for discourse on women's sexuality. The McGill show goes beyond its practical function of raising valuable funds for the Friendly Home, a Montreal woman's shelter. It gets in your pants and makes you think, laugh and yeah, even cry a little.



The rest of their bodies

The show is an eclectic mix of individual stories of self-discovery, interjected with moving and often disturbing images of abuse and neglect. This is all infused with a powerful and moving sense of humor which serves to create a cohesive "vagina narrative."

Notwithstanding the stuffy conditions of the Redpath Museum Lecture Hall, these six amazing women are able to bring to life individual vaginal experiences. They dig deep at

provoking a discussion of just what's been happening "down there" for so many centuries.

There was such an abundance of enlightening and delightful moments in this work that it would be unfair and extraordinarily difficult to list them here. I'll just mention a few of my personal faves. It is hardly inclusive as the guest who accompanied me disagreed plenty about the most excellent monologues.

Then again, she has a vagina, so that probably has a little to do with it.

Brianna O'Connor Hersey's writhing groans as she displayed the orgasms of a young lawyer turned dominatrix were surely a popular highlight. Not to be outdone in the humor department was Vanessa Guillen's rant on the irrationality of female products. Equally good was the strange wonder which accompanied Katy Pedersen's "Cunt

Breakdance." These monologues speak of the often unspoken, and give a powerful voice to the vagina.

An overlapping monologue on the experiences of the first episode of menstruation is uniquely staged by directors Sophie Johnson and Lemoine. A discourse with the audience is established by sending the six cast members up into the lecture hall benches. It is a tough call as to whether this aspect works, with my female guest saying no while I appreciated the effort involved in moving the dialogue physically closer to its recipients.

The show is informative as well, offering stark facts about genital mutilation and rape for consideration. These girls don't pull any punches, and they shouldn't. The account of a woman ravaged by soldiers during the conflict in the Baltic region is unadorned. The monologues offer an unedited glimpse of the reality which exists for vaginas the world over.

I was initially, and still am to some extent, staggered by the achievement of these young women. I commend them, applaud them, and call for the rest of us to spread the word on vaginas: "They're great!" If you've got tickets to this performance next week you are not only lucky, but possess a responsibility of the highest order to disseminate what you will be offered in these two hours of remarkable entertainment.

The Vagina Monologues play sold out shows next week at Redpath Museum on February 14, 15 and 16. Call (514) 286-2481

Rhapsody Won't Make You Blue

Latest Fishbane play avoids the pitfalls of self-production

BY J. KELLY NESTRUCK
Culture Reporter

Joel Fishbane has a lot going for him. He is a talented writer, a capable director, a charming actor, and he makes good use of his eyebrows. These bushy eyebrows take on the daunting role of George Gershwin, in the 24 year-old Fishbane's fourth play, *Rhapsody in Paris*, now playing at Tuesday Night Café.

There is an epidemic of people in local Montreal theatre who seem to think that they are Woody Allen. Writer/director/actors who produce their own work are all over the place and the results are generally self-absorbed and annoying. Thankfully, Fishbane's *Rhapsody in Paris* avoids all of the usual pitfalls.

First of all, RIP (an unfortunate acronym) is not a personal play. It is about the famous composer/musician Gershwin and his interesting and varied love life. By extension, Fishbane explores the romantic lives of all artist. One is left wondering whether Gershwin was right when he said, "Marriage is not for artists."

Secondly, Fishbane was intelligent enough to have co-director Shawn Baichoo working with him. The input of another person certainly helped keep egotistical flourishes out of the production and maintain a consistently well-composed stage. There is little or no self-indulgence here.

Finally, Fishbane has an electrifying presence on stage. He isn't a playwright or a director masquerading as an actor; he

has genuine talent as a thespian.

The reason one should see this production however, is not simply because it isn't bad, but because it is good. The premise is that the entire play takes place in Gershwin's mind as he lies in the coma that would eventually take his life at the age of 39. This makes it easy to jump around through the important relationships and creative moments in his life.

Fishbane's four female co-stars, Maggie MacWhirter, Jessica Mackenzie, Julia Lowel and Melinda Wilson, playing Gershwin's ex-lovers, are uniformly good. MacWhirter, as Gershwin's long-time lover Kay Swift, is particularly sympathetic in her role.

Then there are the great jabs at critics. Fishbane's play quotes wonderfully old-fashioned newspaper reviewers, like one

who wrote, after Gershwin's first show: "Civilization hasn't had such a set-back since the dark ages."

There are some stumbling points in the play however. Occasionally, when Gershwin says the word "Fuck" it seems very out of place, particularly when he exclaims, "The fuck it is." The word only occurs about five times, but at least three of them are simply jarring.

Also, Fishbane's characterizations of Jews are very stereotypical, not in an offensive way, but in a God-this-is-so-cliché way. For instance, Mackenzie's Rose Gershwin mutters "May he rest in peace" after mentioning her dead husband in a Jewish Manhattan accent. The Jewish jokes, like the two things a Jew can do best are eat and talk, are old-fashioned.

In fact, much of the play, while not being old-fashioned per se, is nothing outstandingly new. One can hope, though, that if Fishbane is writing as well as most mainstream playwrights now, he'll find a distinctly unique voice and style in the future.

Rhapsody in Paris by Joel Fishbane continues from Feb. 14-17 at 8 p.m. in Morrice Hall



special culture feature

Songs From the Underground



BY JOEL BOUVAIS AND LUKAS RIEPPEL
Daily Reporters

On February 3rd, two intrepid McGill Daily reporters left the secure shelter of the McGill campus to venture to the nether regions of a relatively unknown world: the STCUM subway system. Their mission to locate the dedicated street performers who, due to unforgiving winter weather, retreat to the Metro system in order to pursue their bohemian lifestyles.

At first, it wasn't easy to locate buskers. Having gone through a number of dreadfully quiet stations, the enthusiasm of the two reporters was rapidly diminishing. A first encounter was with an energetic keyboard player who, judging from his accent, seemed to be of Eastern European heritage. Unfortunately, the pianist politely refused to lend himself for an interview, not desiring the exposure and subsequent jolt to stardom the article would no doubt bring him. The two reporters continued their pursuit for an interview, having regained some hope of apprehending other performers.

A few stations later, fragments of what sounded like elevator music wafted through the stagnant air. The interviewer remarked to his colleague that their luck was running short. Had the musician been replaced by a Kenny G. recording? They walked forth nonetheless. As it turned out, the music actually came from another keyboardist who willfully dubbed his piano sounds with violin ones. Alas, he, too, frigidly refused to be interviewed.

Atacameños, Jovial Pan Pipers

After several silent stops, our two journalists descended on the Jean Talon station, where they were greeted by a quartet of musicians playing folk songs from the Andes. After anxiously approaching one of the musicians, the reporters rejoiced at the enthusiastic response from the South Americans. The



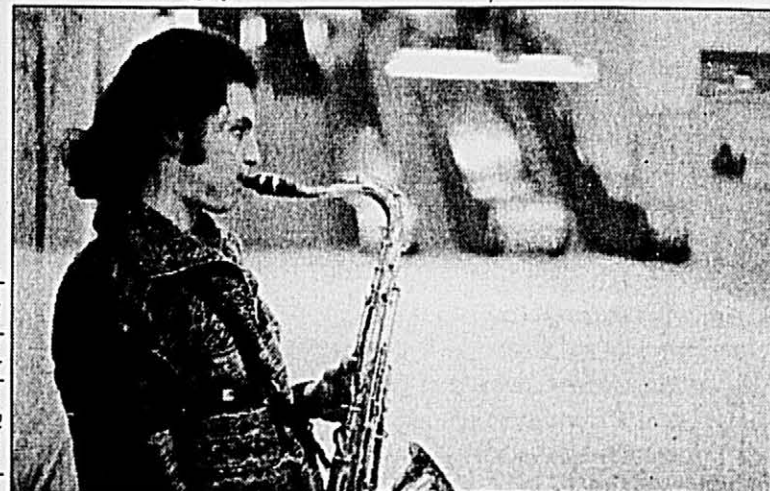
band would gladly give an interview after their set. The Atacameños skillfully played their native music with heart, soul and style. They used guitars, a single drum and cymbal and a wide array of traditional pan-pipes. The oldest of the musicians gave the reporters his home phone number and offered a phone interview. They called at the suggested time, but the band leader lethargically told them that he was extremely busy, and asked that they call back the following afternoon at around eight. This call was never made, the interviewer having better things to do than to chase the elusive Andean through the under-

belly of the metro. Besides, in the mean time, the search for chatty buskers had been rewarded with a number of new leads.

Rapha the Sultry Saxophonist

Rapha, a Spanish saxophone player from Barcelona was performing near the orange line at the Berri-Uqam station. A decent crowd of people stood listening. Rapha's repertoire, derived mainly from Jazz's legendary figures, was subtly infused with his own flavor. Having left his country three months ago on a one year visa, he had come

Two Daily demons brave the underground to bring you the best of the buskers



Photos by Lukas Rieppel

to Montreal to expand his musical horizons and to make useful connections. "In Barcelona, life for the artist people is hard...I think that here, there's more possibilities to improve as musicians," said Rapha. He found that playing in the metro was a great way to meet people. He had indeed made some contacts and was about to start rehearsing with three jazz performers. Rapha hoped to have the opportunity to play concerts in the near future. The interviewer, proudly sharing his three hours of underground experience, told the busker that a dynamic Russian keyboard player was playing at the Lionel Groulx station. The subway rookie quickly realized that his experience paled in comparison with the saxophonist's. "Yea, this Russian boy; he always plays the same tunes, you know, it's boring." "Plays really good, of course, because he plays three songs." Obviously Rapha was fully aware of his fellow buskers' abilities. As for his future in the city, he would wait and see what options would present themselves before making a decision. As the photographer immortalized the artist on film after the interview, Rapha broke into Dave Brubeck's *Take Five*. He nodded the two goodbye and played soulfully on.

Toby Tells it Like it Was

The Daily duo, walking to the next subway line and congratulating themselves on their much awaited first encounter, found themselves dumbfounded when luck availed them of yet another performer. This guy sang in French and played classic seventies sounds on his acoustic guitar. Toby was a true veteran of the busker community, having led this troubadour lifestyle for 20 years. He had seen it all, from playing Pink Floyd's "Comfortably Numb" while an overdosing man was rushed to the hospital, to having a gun pointed at his head. His motivation for pursuing this career rests in the connections he has made with his public. "Someone can go by, never say a word, and you see them again and they say: 'You know last month, you were playing over there, you were doing this song. I'm glad you did it, because I wasn't feeling too well.' This is mostly the reward I get from it."

Toby found, however, that the metro scene had changed since his early days. Back then, Toby had fought for the right to play in the metro, gotten rid of the loud muzak playing in the halls, and contributed to the preservation of a certain folk-art tradition. "A

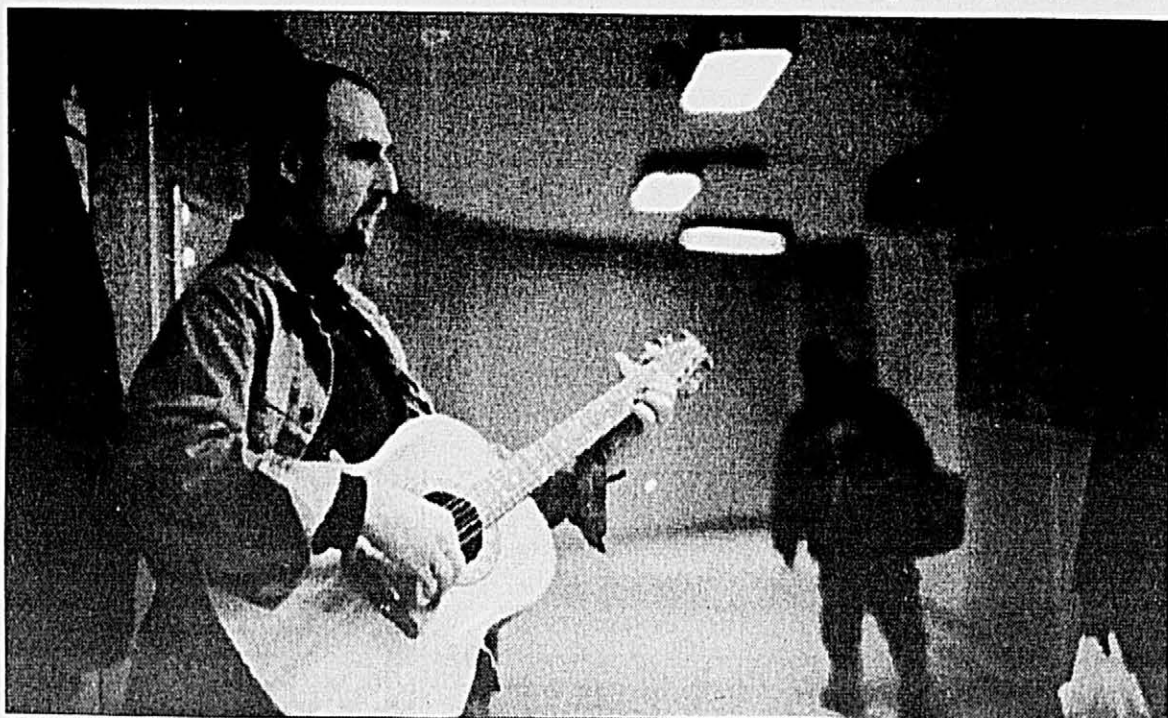
song comes from the street and it goes back to the street. We were about 30 musicians in the metro and we used to have trios, but it was always like, Neil Young and Pink Floyd and stuff like that. We used to do that preservation."

Recently more and more musicians have come in with electronic instruments and strange paraphernalia, in a sense replacing the speakers and sounds Toby and company had fought to get rid of. Toby now wanted to make auditions mandatory to play in the metro in order to preserve a certain quality of music.

Trumpeting the Public

In the Berri-Uqam station, a final encounter was made with a 61-year-old jazz trumpet player from Trinidad. Overcome with awe at the musician's charisma, the absent-minded interviewer forgot to ask for his name. His outfit was a paradigm of coolness, and he randomly sprinkled his speech with outbursts of Letterman/James Brown-like laughter. He would skillfully play famous tunes for only 30-45 seconds at a time, in between which he would take two minute breaks to examine his instrument or stare at the passers-by. Unlike the previous buskers, he had a somewhat less romantic view of his occupation. He saw it more as a place of good business where he was able to enjoy all the freedom he desired. "We have no boss. If I had a boss I couldn't talk to you now [outburst of laughter]!" However, he does appreciate the contact with the public. At the end of the interview, the photographer asked for his permission to take his picture. The trumpet player quickly mumbled an incomprehensible response in his heavy exotic accent, which ended with yet another exuberant outburst of laughter. The photographer having only caught the words "newspaper" and "break your balls" smiled awkwardly as he backed away from the individual to take his picture from an, ahem, safe distance.

Editor's note: While we appreciate that our two intrepid reporters escaped free of beatings, their adventures did cause for a moment of reflection. Is the busking life a sorry plight, one to be pitied while tossing some change pocket change? Or is it a life deserving of our respect? As most people bury their heads in a newspaper and rush to work, these musicians can at least take heart in the fact they are doing something they love, unlike most of the people who barrel by at breakneck speed.



Phat Jams from Jazz Pharmacy

Daily writer prescribes a heavy dose of jazz

BY ADAM ROSENBLOOM
Daily Reporter

Towards the late 60s, early 70s, jazz was taking some curious strolls towards heavier bass lines, electronic instruments, and fusion. Jazz/Rock/Soul/Funk... Miles Davis even proclaimed jazz dead. For once Miles was wrong. Jazz wasn't dead. Jazz was and is alive and well.

The popular music of today may not be written or even performed by the beau-

tiful people that appear on the covers of magazines, but there is an underground movement of people that still thrive on "real" music. And for those who have discovered (or rediscovered) what "real" music is, there is a pressing need for some live improvisation.

The most recent attempt to fulfill this need came last night at The Cabaret. Jazz Pharmacy performed their last in a short tour of three shows promoting their new album, *Amnesia*. Over 200 fans came out to catch the first glimpse of Jazz

Pharmacy in quite a while. Dormant for many months, Jazz Pharmacy has been undergoing some major changes.

For the most part, change is good. At their inception in the summer of 1996, the band numbered 3. They swelled to 5, and are now down to 4. Phil Clarke (keys, vocals), Eddy Cola (drums), Dave Bennet (sound design, guitar) and Fraser Nash (bass) have spent the last year recording *Amnesia* at Electric Lady Studios in New York. Worth a listen, the new album is grooved with heavy beats, and mixed with trance and reggae. The self-named originators of "Drugstore Funk" have always alleged that their studio productions never capture the live experience. This is somewhat true.

Friday's performance was characterized by absurd improvisation. Frank Zappa absurd. New songs such as "Born Leader", "Better Than Love", and "Feel in Irie" were recognizable before completely disintegrating into excessive experimental invention. Clarke's bilingual freestyle verses were quite impressive. Though untamed, the jams were reasonably engaging.

Just as engaging was the constant string of guests. Violinist Gascia

Ouzounian accompanied on the eerie title track "Amnesia" and freestyler Ab-Flex helped Clarke on "Different Life." Chancelle Bolay's vocals assisted on several songs including, most notably, "Desire" and "Get Wit the Flow."

But here lies the problem with Jazz Pharmacy's new jam band incarnation. How can a band jam when one member only sings vocals? How would you pull off not feeling self-conscious if you were simply standing up there without playing an instrument? Well, Bolay pulled it off by wearing a garter belt and no bra. That's it. A bit too much stage presence for me, sorry.

Equally distracting was the interpretational dance performed on stage by Clarke's sister. Not that I have anything against those who subscribe to the art of theatrical dance, but for me, dancing is a personal interpretation. It is your own personal response (or even contribution) to the music being received.

Watching someone else dance may be beautiful, but dancing for yourself is just as stimulating.

The show began incredibly tight, with "Santa Fe" kicking off a 65-minute first set. Unfortunately, the danceable bass was



Not Matt Damon

rarely heard as a harsh trance (if there is such a thing) pervaded. The second set, which began shortly after midnight and grooved well over 75 minutes, was more enjoyable for the feet. Fraser Nash finally decided to lay down some funky edges!

Hopefully, with more gigs set up by Jazz Pharmacy's new promotional friendship with Sinistresound, practice will make perfect. The next time Jazz Pharmacy comes around, it might be a good idea to fill your prescription.



Jam on Jazz Pharmacy

A Medley of Peppy Punk

Delegates represent at local indie show

By ALYSSA RASHBAUM
Culture Reporter

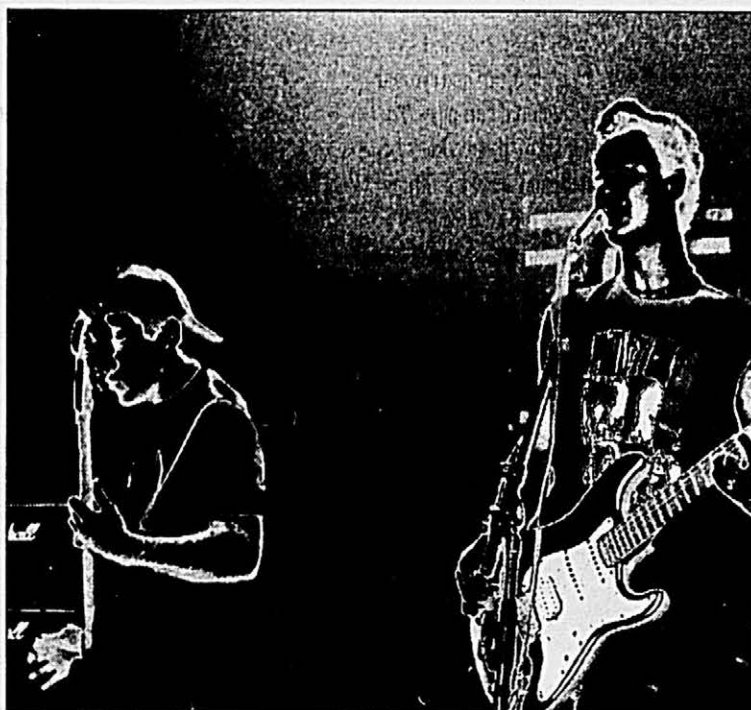
Despite a meager turnout at Medley last Thursday, The Delegates confidently took the stage and delivered as one of Montreal's premier up-and-coming local punk bands. The event, a M.O.R.E. party that brought in over two hundred people, promised "an eclectic array of music genres to satisfy all tastes." Despite the lower than expected turnout, The Delegates gave an incredible performance energizing the small crowd.

With the audience waiting in anticipation, the band took the stage in a manner fitting for a group playing their biggest venue to date. "This is a punk show... get up here!" shouted

Menno Versteeg, lead singer and guitarist, above the already cheering crowd. The band turned to face the crowd that rushed to the front of the stage and with that, The Delegates began an animated and lively performance.

Opening with "The Epic," The Delegates immediately got the audience moving. They played mostly tracks off their debut album *The Incomplete Guide to Fitting In*, along with a smattering of new songs. The Delegates kept the show rocking with audience favorite, "Final Countdown." Menno promoted audience participation when he encouraged the crowd to shout "fuck the police," along with their song "Policeman."

The Delegates saved the best for last, showcasing their eclectic style in a punk cover of



These Guys are Enthusiased

The Roots' song "You Got Me." They were joined on stage by local rapper, "Thirty-Seven," for some freestyling. Though primarily a punk band The Delegates proved that they won't be confined to the punk mold.

There was no down time in this performance. The band had an energy that seemed to grow, rather than dwindle with each consecu-

tive song. As the band left the stage, their influence on the crowd became evident. The DJs who followed their set were treated to a crowd of still dancing partygoers. If nothing else good punk music gets people moving. It's safe then to say that The Delegates went above and beyond the call of duty to deliver a truly memorable performance.

Delegates Dish It

The Daily's Alysa Rashbaum went backstage following the show to get the reaction of band members Menno Versteeg, Asch Harwood, Eric Cason, Karem El-Gamal, Sam Myer, and Josh Katz-Rosene.

Daily: How did you guys feel about the performance?

Asch: Well, the crowd was being entertained.

Eric: Definitely. Everyone looked like they were having a good time, and that's always the goal. In that sense it was good. We got to play on a big stage, and that was sweet. The rock star factor was definitely up there.

D: What did it feel like to play such a big venue for the first time?

AH: If no one showed up then we thought it would be a good practice for us.

D: What did you think of the crowd's response to the show?

Menno: It was great, but it's always great. I love our crowd.

AH: Even kids that don't like punk rock were out there enjoying it.



The delegation

In culture today: dancing princesses, poetry and words o' wisdom



Cult Leader

U2 student is a part-time princess

Name: Katie Irving
Studies: U2, Double Major English Literature and Humanistic Studies
Birthplace: Montreal

Crowning Achievement: Named one of four princesses of the Queen's court for the Saint Patrick's Day parade. Last February 3rd Katie won the coveted spot, narrowly missing a chance at being queen, following an extensive public speaking contest held by the United Irish Society. Katie's activities will now include attending various events along with the parade, promoting Irish culture in the Montreal community.

Other than being royalty: Katie is an accomplished Irish dancer and is presently an instructor at the Bernadette Short Irish Dancing School. She has been dancing ever since she was five. Katie is currently ranked 8th in Canada for her age category. In three months time she will be heading to the North American Championships, with the goal of eventually qualifying for the World Championships in Ireland. This summer she plans to go to Dublin and dance in various pubs. She can be seen most Saturdays as one of the dancers at O'Donnells Irish Pub.

On the Luck of the Irish: "The whole world is aware of the great culture, the great music, and the great literature that comes from Ireland. Saint Patrick's Day is all about having a good time in sharing Irish culture." Katie welcomes the opportunity to celebrate not only her Irish heritage, but Canadian culture as well.

In the future: While nothing is set in the Blarney Stone, Katie does hope to follow in her father's footsteps and become a teacher. She also has not excluded the possibility of pursuing a career in broadcasting.
-Jonathan Montpetit

fridge page

A wee guide to avoiding stale nights

THEATRE AND CINEMA:

Valentine's Day and no love...well, here's lookin' at you kid, **Casablanca**. Cinema du Parc, 7:15pm. This could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship, if the Cinema du Parc could manage those pesky lines.

Rhapsody in Paris. An ode to the late great George Gershwin. It would be crazy for you to miss it. Feb. 14-17, 8 p.m. Morrice Hall.

Vagina Monologues. Sold out and then some, but work your wiles. Feb. 13-15, 8 p.m. Redpath Museum.

W;T. The Centaur's droll and dreary character study. To Feb. 18, 8 p.m. call 288-1229 for tix.

Lions and Tigers and Palm Readings, oh my! Well, no lions and tigers, but there will be lots of **palm reading** by Vedic Astrologer Guylaine Vallee at Indigo, Feb. 15 at 7 p.m.

John Sayles' **City of Hope** at the Canadian Centre for Architecture. Feb. 22 at 6 p.m. #939-7026.

CONCERTS AND READINGS:

Biotech Action Montreal and the CVLC present a **Benefit Kitchen Party** to pay for the defense of a citizen arrested for putting labels on genetically modified foods,

Feb. 12 at 8 p.m. at Lion D'Or. \$7 pre-show, \$9 at the door. 845-3993 for tix.

include Ian Ferrier. \$5 at the door.

Want to stay home and drink tea?

Kola Note, 5240 Parc. Feb. 16-17, 10 p.m. \$15.

Music everywhere at the **Local Music Mart**. 50 stands tended by local alternative and independent music labels and bands. Groove on over to Fofounes electriques, 87 St. Catherine East. Mar. 3.

Herpes Support Group, meets second Tuesday of every month, 7:30 p.m. Call #855-8995.

Drawing, Painting, Sculpture, Video, All of the Above. **Pr(objecion)**, a show mounted by group of art history students at McGill, is seeking artistic meanderings of all sorts for their Mar. 8-12 show. Call #931-6304.

ART ABOUT TOWN:

You'd be psycho not to check out the Hitchcock Exhibit at the Museum of Fine Arts. Until Mar. 18. Definitely not for the birds.

Dazibao. Just a really neat gallery. Photography in the Face of Terror, Until Feb. 25. 4001 Berri #202. 845-0063.

Montreal High Lights Festival. Lots stuff floating around downtown. Until Feb. 25. #288-9955.

Got an event? Want people to read about it over buttered scones? Send info and it just may wind up on the fridge.
culture@mcgilldaily.com



Get on over to the Wheel Bar Hillbilly Night, Mondays, 8:30 p.m.
Free. 3373 Cavendish.

Effusion, those effusively cheery bee-boppers are singing the National anthem Feb. 13 at the Molson Centre when the Montreal Canadiens take on the Colorado Avalanche. Go stick up for them!

She's got music in her blood. Charming chanteuse **Martha Wainwright** performs a free-as-they-come show at the Maison de Culture, N.D.G. 3755 Botrel, call 872-2157.

Get thee to the **Yellow Door Poetry and Prose Reading!** Feb. 15 at 8 p.m. 3625 Aylmer Street. Featured performers

Ulana Odezynsky wants you to read her poetry on the internet. <http://members.nbci.com/emfisuses>, then press emfabuse.

Hip Hop Showcase, featuring KZ Konbination, CatBurglaz, Butta Babeez and others. \$10 at the door, \$8 advance. Feb. 22 at 9 p.m. Club Soda, 1225 St. Laurent.

Do you stay up nights wondering why you can't hear authentic Maghreb Music? Well, your baggy eyes will abate because the **Festival de Musique du Maghreb** is here. It's 1,001 nights in just 2 nights, at

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Arpad Pusztai, Ph.D.
Susan Bardocz, Ph.D.
Elisabeth Abergel, Ph.D.

Thursday, Feb. 15, 2001, 5 pm
McGill, Arts Bldg. 145
free

for more info: 398-7432

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Brewster Kneen (B.C.)
Maria Jose Guazelli (Brazil)
Zev Teifenbach (Montreal)

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McGill, Arts Bldg. 145
free

for more info: 398-7432

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the BOOKSHELF

Semi-Semitic Book Rates Half a Bagel

When Mom and Dad have too much time on their hands

THE HALF-JEWISH BOOK
DANIEL KLEIN AND FREKE VUIJST
 RANDOM HOUSE; 200 PP.

Technically, of course, it is impossible for anyone to be "half-Jewish." According to religious laws, if your mother is Jewish, then you are too. If she isn't, then you aren't. Simple. For those of us who find ourselves attending one cousin's bar mitzvah on Saturday, and another cousin's confirmation on Sunday, however, being half-Jewish is not an inconceivable concept.

With *The Half-Jewish Book*, it appears that Daniel Klein and Freke Vuijst have attempted to create an ethnic group for their daughter, who, due to their different backgrounds, is in this

particular predicament. The book is heartwarming dedicated to her; I



imagine they handed her the first manuscript, exclaiming, "Now you can feel validated, darling!" They do this by painstakingly categorizing and analyzing the attributes of people who are the product of a blend of one Jewish parent and one parent of some other religious or ethnic persuasion. Chapters in the book (which is plastered with a large graphic of half of a bagel, ha ha) list humorous names for various combinations ("Jewcana" for a woman who has one Hispanic and one Jewish parent); expound on how stereotypical attributes of Jewish and non-Jewish people will combine and tell various heartwarming stories of how half-Jewish people overcame the obstacles set up for them by their inconveniently-wed parents. There

is an extensive focus on half-Jewish celebrities, pointing out how their art directly reflects their pastiche heritages. I was pleased to discover that like me, David Duchovny is the offspring of an American Jewish father and a Scottish Presbyterian mother. Clearly, we must marry to preserve the bloodline.

Growing up with parents of different religions, I sometimes felt annoyed that I didn't have a distinct group to belong to; that being raised without a specific faith meant that I was missing out on something special. I mastered the art of the tolerant smile in order to cope with well-meaning people who offer opinions such as, "Ooh! That's so United Nations!" I learned to tailor explanations of my situation to my audience,

such that minimal shock would be suffered or offense taken. The trade-off, however, was that I got to be friends with everybody. Being exposed to a culture that I did not belong to never made me feel particularly uncomfortable, because I didn't belong to one at all. That is why I hate *The Half-Jewish Book*. Under the guise of cuteness, Klein and Vuijst have decided to form their own cultural clique, a new and distinct category, so that they can feel special and exclusive. It is a small-minded, anti-celebration of diversity that embraces a new kind of tribalism while attempting to defy an old one. Perhaps the world is a more backward place than I thought.

—Jean Hannah Edelstein

Beforelife No Afterthought

THE BEFORELIFE
 BY FRANZ WRIGHT
 70 PAGES
 TALON BOOKS

The first thing that is likely to strike readers of Franz Wright's new poetry collection is its title. The word 'beforelife' is one of those obvious inversions of an accepted term that are often employed by writers. Of course, whether this move comes across as being pretentious or cleverly elementary ultimately depends upon the quality of the material that the title graces.

Wright imbues his poetry with the sort of evocative images that provoke both an intellectual reaction from the reader and, like all strong poetry, also touch something deeper within in order to elicit a subconscious 'feeling'. Images such as "the crown of barbed wire" that the protagonist wears in "Aesthetic" and the "corpse of diamonds" in "Fine Print" are indicative of the manner in which Wright perverts traditional symbols in order to relate them to modern life. Two examples of this are "the toilet filled with blood" in "To a Blossoming Nutcase" and "light green eyes dusk distant," one of the collection's most evocative lines courtesy of the poem "Slander." It is this rare ability to simultaneously stimulate both our intellect and our more guttural senses that renders Wright's poetry truly exceptional.

It should also be noted that the man can turn a phrase. Witness, "Death is nature's way/ of telling you to be quiet" from "Translation" or "Think along with me/Paris sky, spacious eternity of fall" from "Thinking of France." These two lines represent Wright's diversity. He is a poet who is equally adept at the stark, directly communicative line or the weighted phrase that lies pregnant with meaning upon the page. Wright writes mostly in free-verse. However, he still makes use of more traditional poetic tools without ever committing to them. He drops in the occasional rhyming couplet and sometimes fashions poems of only one or two lines. Like many poets of the post-modern age, he is unwilling to be bound by formal convention, yet not ready to renounce it completely.

Is the work worthwhile? Absolutely. Through his well-chosen words and striking images, Wright examines age-old literary themes such as faith, man's impact on the world, and need. He marries these themes with contemporary concerns such as the isolating effect of technology and its capacity to alienate its supposed masters. By merging these interests, he creates poetry that portrays our immediate world while simultaneously meditating on the enduring themes of human existence. If anything, Wright's poems suggest that these themes are made more relevant by the ever-accelerating degree of change in our world.

—Chris Cuyinar

LIFE...(IT FELT SPONGY)

by Claire Blanchet



LEAH HAD QUALMS ABOUT SELLING
 HER SOUL SO EARLY IN LIFE, BUT HE
 SURE WAS A CHARMING LITTLE DEVIL...



SOMETHING PECULIAR WAS
 HAPPENING TO MONA. SHE
 DECIDED TO START WEARING
 MORE HATS.



This Food is Tasteless

Local theatre production very unappetizing

BY SARI LONG
The McGill Daily

Being the fledgling thespian, criticizing any form of innovative theater seems sketchy if not an outright violation of some unwritten rule of dramatic intercourse. But walking away perplexed after viewing *Food*, ruminating on its stale qualities and then fuming at the thought of people paying \$75 to see it forced me to disregard said rule.

The premise of the event itself is promising: watch a play by former excitable food critic Byron Ayanoglu and then dine in style with food prepared by chefs from some of the choicest and tastiest restos in Montreal. The drawback with this scheme is, however, that a play touted to match the quality of the restaurants fails to meet expectations. Obviously, patrons willing to pay \$75 for a play and a meal will be expecting to see a top-notch theatrical performance, but *Food* failed to meet this demand.

The play itself is based around a televised performance of the World's Greatest Chef creating and cooking a culinary masterpiece to top all others. In the process of his gastronomic creation, he reveals the tragedy of lost love between he and his former sous-chef, Lola. In a humorous moment, the chef laments that all he want-

ed from her was "perfectly rendered aromatized kidney fat." This is where the play falls apart. Instead of playing up the humor of two lovers separating because of a kitchen conflict, it turns into an emotional disaster, leaving the audience wondering whether it should laugh or snort in disgust.

Brett Watson, playing the world-renowned chef hell-bent on creating the world's most perfect dish and on gushing about his love of his former sous-chef, manages to pull us through interminable monologues and egotistical harangues without death. Though the British accent wavered near the end of the play, Watson managed to bring a bit of spark to an otherwise boring character. Emmanuelle Jimenez, in the role of the host of the televised cooking exposition, is as annoying as hosts come and fails to bring much to Ayanoglu's play.

Another aspect of *Food* which failed to add to its lackluster dialogue was the use of dual cameras to do close-ups of the actors on stage and to be multimedia-friendly by superimposing images of one actor on another at the climax of the play. Not only was the presence of the cameras annoying, as I find the campy atmosphere of audience participation quite tacky, but the poor quality of the footage did the opposite of highlighting the actors and their actions.

To make matters worse, the play itself was entirely unbelievable in terms of its culinary replication. It is surprising that Ayanoglu was a chef himself and has chef-owned a few restaurants, because his expertise in the world of the restaurant shows not an iota. The Master Chef (Watson) performs so many foodish faux-pas that even the least-schooled in kitchen etiquette would cringe. For example, the chef hops up onto the counter to deliver a snippet of a speech when everyone knows that no self-respecting chef would ever contaminate their work surfaces as such. The cooking itself appeared hardly above elementary and I felt at times as if I was watching an arthritic Chef Pasquale fumbling to sauté the kidney-fatted porcupine livers.

What it comes down to is that *Food* is too long, too trite and too bland to be worth the price of such an event. The food following, however, is sure to be a treat and the venue itself, the Lion d'Or, is a delight. Perhaps you can request, when making a reservation, to skip the play and stay for the food instead. Or you could just go to the restaurant itself and forget the entire event altogether.

A limited number of show only student tickets are available for \$10. Call 997-1774.

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SCRAWLS *by Jane Hedgehog*



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The Bard and the Beats

Ian Ferrier gears up for Yellow Door reading

BY LUKAS RIEPEL
Culture Reporter

On February 15th Montreal performance poet Ian Ferrier will appear at the Yellow Door along with four other performing poets.

Many of the artists appearing will be accompanied by improvised acoustic music, and with quite an impressive line up, the show will likely be standing room only.

Local performer du jour Ian Ferrier will be performing, fresh upon the release of his latest CD *Exploding Head Man*. Katherine Kidd is expected to perform some of her esteemed chant-style spoken word, along with Corey Frost, and Alex Boutros and Kaarla Sundstrom.

Many of these artists fuse spoken word and music, and it will be interesting to see them working bare bones.

Kidd, for instance, is well known for her work with DJ/composer Jack Beets and will now be forced to express herself somewhat differently in an unplugged situation. Ferrier is also going to be hard pressed to work without his electric guitar, saxophone and midi synthesizer, given the cozy confines of the Yellow Door.

Having grown up reading the beat writers of the 1950s and early 60s, Ferrier is heavily influenced by the work of William Burroughs. But though he works with free verse, this poet's no beatnik. "I'm trying to do something fairly new... creating an atmosphere with the music and using the poems to describe what is happening in that atmosphere," Ferrier explained.

Writing some of the music himself, Ferrier often works with Montreal free jazz saxophonist Bryan Highbloom. "What I do is... an aesthetic of how

music and words go together... where the music is a canvas for certain thoughts and feeling rather than just a background for the words," Ferrier said.

Through highly expressive language and thick imagery he creates a very distinct and powerful mood. One of the most fascinating aspects of his work is the dichotomy between the dreamy, innocent sound of his voice and the subject matter of the poems. "Here the hundred mortals falling like paper angels / drifting and broken with the pain / of being god for a whole ten seconds," reads his poem "Tango".

Often dealing with issues such as love, pain, sex, and death, Ferrier creates a peaceful and reflective atmosphere out of such emotionally charged concepts. His diction in "Tango" sounds as if he were simply remembering sweet childhood memories and drifting back towards unmarred inno-

cence when relating a moment of corporal enrapture. "In the second when he slips between her legs / her heart's already flying like a swallow from her throat / and she's living and dying in the heat of a single evening," he reads somniferously.

Ferrier also organizes a poetry performance at the Casa Del Popolo every third Sunday of the month. Featuring both established artists and aspiring wordsmiths, these shows have been extremely successful thus far. It is with such endeavors that Ferrier continues to present himself as one of the premier poets writing in Montreal.

Ian Ferrier will read at the Yellow Door on February 15th. Also scheduled to perform are Alex Boutros and Kaarla Sundstrom, Catherine Kidd, Corey Frost. Doors open at 7:30. Cost is 5\$ at the door.

Celebrating Québécois films

"Les 19es Rendez-vous du Cinéma Québécois," a festival celebrating Québec's cinematic production, will be held from the 15th to the 25th of February. This edition will showcase 146 varied films, including documentaries, animated shorts, and experimental films. The projections will be held at the Cinéma ONE, and in the Cinéma-thèque Québécoise.

The theme of the festival calls for an overview and reflection of the cinematic life of the province. Opening night will feature the premiere of *La Solitude de Monsieur Turgeon*, a short animation film by Jeanne Crépeau. Also featured will be Bernard Emond's *La Femme qui Boit*, a film about a dying alcoholic remembering her life.

Three awards will be presented for artistic creation on opening night: best artistic production, best experimental production, and one for best short to mid length feature film. Closing night will showcase the premiere of *Lauzon-Lauzon*, a documentary film on renowned Québec director Jean-Claude Lauzon, done by Louis Bélanger and Isabelle Hébert.

Throughout the festival there will be divers events in which the public is invited to participate. Among them will be presentations of artwork, various other debates, as well the opportunity to meet some of the artists.

"Les Rendez-Vous du Cinéma Québécois" is a great opportunity for anyone who enjoys movies to see what is produced in the smaller, local film market. For aspiring cinematographers it will provide exposure to the industry that should not be missed. It's also a good opportunity to do something completely different from the regular reading week preoccupations.

Detailed list of shows can be found at the Cinéma-thèque Québécoise, at the Cinéma ONE, and in selected pages of Le Devoir and Voir magazine.

-Joël Boulvais

creative space

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A Quick Fix

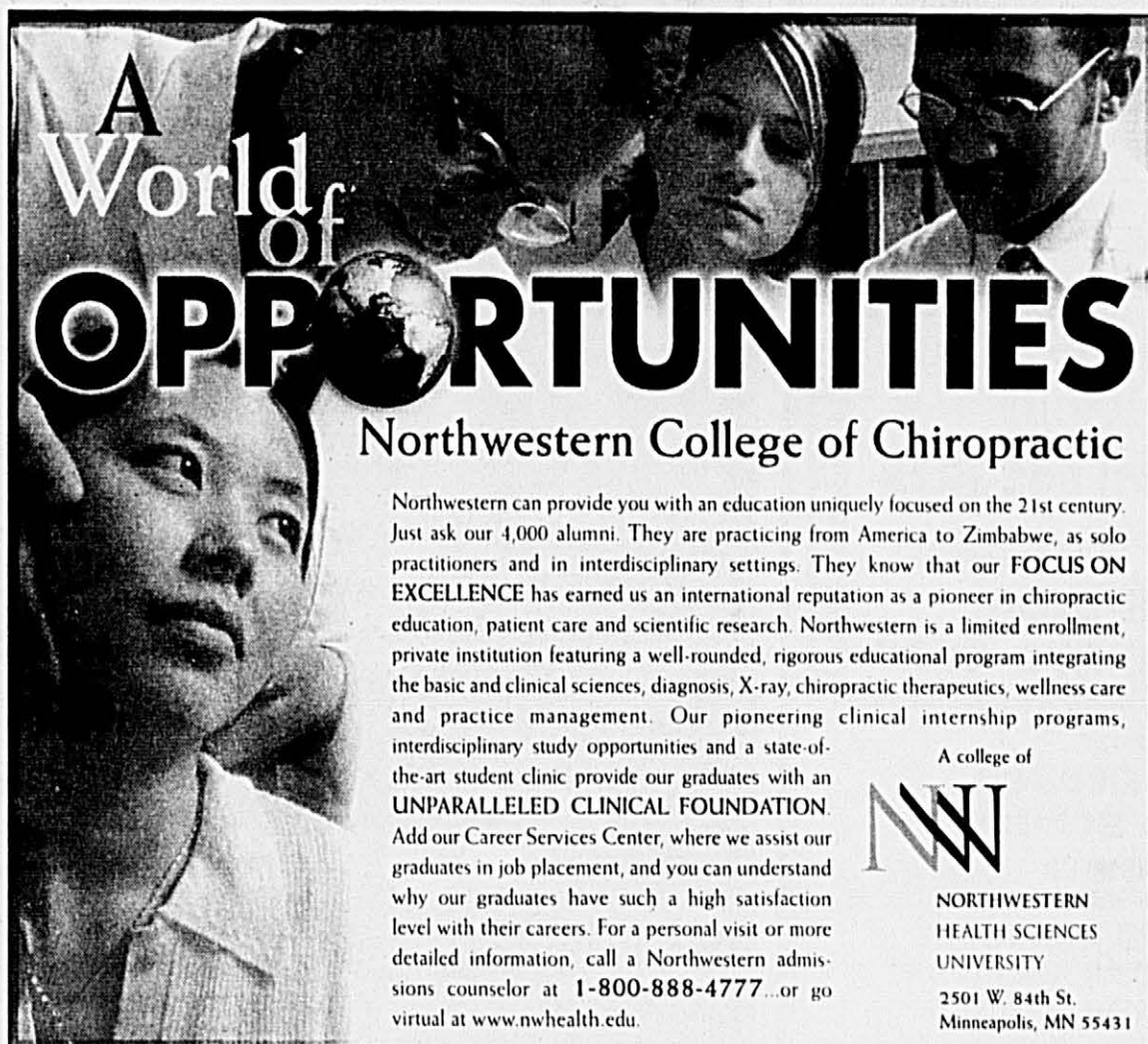
If only I could take all the suffering in the world
and crush it into a fine powder
I'd encapsulate it in a sugary coat
and would prescribe it to those who believed in immediate relief
once in their system they would finally understand
that some things should not be digested so readily
Then, I would have done something great

Heidi Smith

**Ever ask
yourself where
Leonard Cohen
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Suzanne, Beautiful Losers, monasticism, it all came after he strutted his poetic stuff right here. The Daily wants your contributions to keep the brooding alive.

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Walking the Tightrope of Fandom

Soapbox Commentaries on the Cultural Evolution



BY SARAH LAZAROVIC
The McGill Daily

"Ideally, the film theorist should be someone who both likes and dislikes the cinema. Someone who once loved film but has stopped loving it in order to approach it from another angle, making cinema the object of the same visual instinct that had once made him a fan. Someone who has broken off his affair with the movies as people sometimes break off love affairs, not to take a new lover but to dwell upon the old one from a more elevated position." -Christian Metz, *Le Signifiant Imaginaire*.

As a little kid, I peered through my weighty blue glasses at the seemingly endless screen in childish wonderment. I do not know how I discerned a good film from a bad one. Yet, like a fortuneteller working on commission, I made my hasty pronouncements with relative facility. Taste was intrinsic. Something in me said, "That was the

best movie I ever saw," or, in the case of the Sesame Street *Follow That Bird* Movie, "I don't think I will ever sleep again."

These days, my celluloid sentiments are not as expressly apparent. A steady stream of film rhetoric has been siphoned into my brain, dismantling the good/bad button and installing instead a rigorous device that consumes more paper and energy, but delivers roughly the same results.

In a frame, I am consumed by the discourse. Mired in my own movie mania, I have acquired new appreciation for film, while relinquishing my ability to be engaged in a less cerebral sense.

It's an age old quandary, and probably every critic in every discipline has arrived at this dilemma and thus been forced to examine the art they have chosen to know so forcefully. For the critic or theorist, this is an acceptable trade-off. The passionate quest to understand the medium overrides the memories of giddy fandom. But what of the dabbling dilettante, the enthusiast who reads *Film Theory* over *Entertainment Weekly*? For these fact-seeking folk, it's a fine line.

Metz' definition of the ideal theorist is decidedly logical. It is easy to talk of giving up the beauty of emotional response. It's decidedly more difficult when you are admiring the composition of a particular shot and your neighbour is shedding enough tears to create a small river.

Metz' theorist is someone who has not forgotten what being a fan was like, with all its emotional vicissitudes and palpable immediacy, and yet who is no longer overwhelmed by those memories. Likely, this purist critic would not be jealous of the misty stream of tears flowing down the slightly-raked theatre floor, halted only by rapids of aged popcorn. Alas, I am no such critic.

I shudder at having to unearth that old clunker, 'ignorance is bliss', but sitting next to a bleary-eyed film-goer, I become so keenly aware of what it takes to move me. I sometimes long to stop myself from the painful film-vivisection I am unable to prevent my brain from performing.

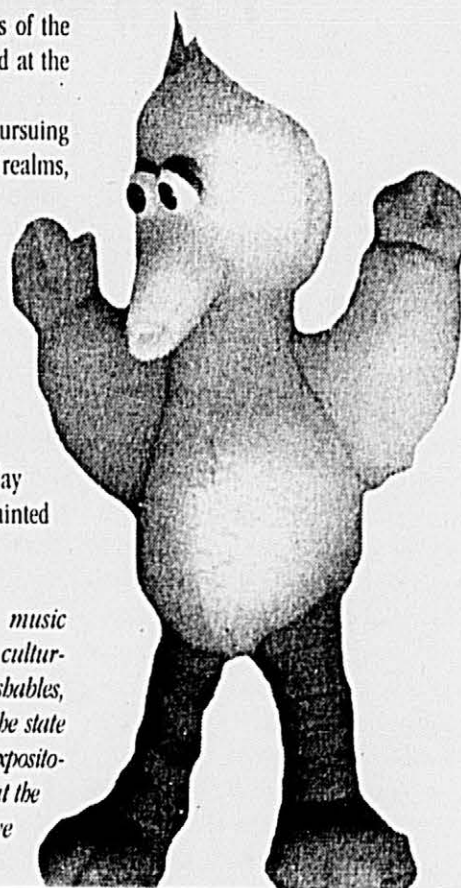
Moments of refreshment occur when I accompany friends to events entirely foreign to me. At a WCW Monday Night Nitro show, I was entranced by the spec-

tacle, inspired by the wild drives of the wrestlers. A friend later grumbled at the poor quality of the show. Critics!

Given the number of people pursuing cultural erudition in a variety of realms, this cynical undercurrent is a persistent one. The quest is personal, though, with every person fumbling towards artistic ecstasy of a particular kind.

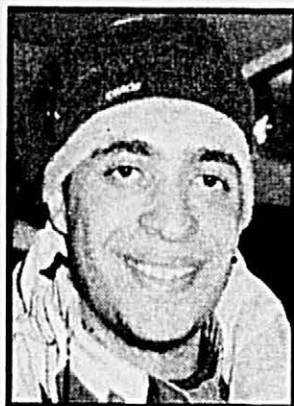
For me, attainment of Metz' ideal critical state will occur when a movie makes me feel as frightened as I was the day they kidnapped Big Bird and painted him blue.

Thoughts about art, pop music loathing, diatribes about graffiti, cultural epithets, poignant poetry publishables, lucid or rambling rants about the state of the arts today, experimental expository essays, or simply writings about the cultured planet on which we exist...alone in the crowd.



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Ski Bums Not Just at Whistler

It's February already, get out there and ski!

BY GABE FLORES
The McGill Daily

There are two kinds of snow that fall from the sky. There's the kind you curse at for piling up in the entrance to your apartment, and the kind that skiers and snowboarders alike spend nights dreaming about. If you've looked out the window lately, that time is now.

Ski season is now in full effect, and with resorts at 100% operation, the morning pilgrimages to the slopes begin this time of the year. With Montreal at the centre of two major ski regions, the Laurentians and the Eastern Townships, finding good skiing is only a function of how far you are willing to drive, and how early you are willing to wake up.

THE LAURENTIANS

Drive 45 minutes from Montreal and three of the first hills you'll encounter are Mont Avila, Mont Saint-Sauveur, and Mont Gabriel. All are roughly at the same vertical, but Mont Gabriel becomes particularly icy on its south side as the day wears on. They all offer night skiing, but be warned: the lighting is patchy, and it gets wicked cold on those chairlifts at night...

Two hours from Montreal is Mont Tremblant. Mont Tremblant is a ski resort

that has the Aspen prices without the Aspen skiing. Sure, the resort has great accommodations, complete with outdoor hot tubs and condominiums halfway up the mountainside, but the skiing is lacking. Considering that a day pass is \$55, you'd expect the skiing to match the price, but



A view from the lovely Mont Tremblant

alas, unless you like icy trails, look elsewhere. Even the Dynamite, the most difficult trail to ski at Tremblant, is often closed halfway down due to the ice that forms on its steepest pitch. And don't look for relief in Tremblant's gladed trails as they're often skied out before noon - the product of having too many skiers on too few trails. With Tremblant, bigger is proven not to be better, but lift lines are proven to be longer.

THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

The ski hills in the Laurentians don't want you to know about the Eastern Townships. Sure, the hills are further away, and the Autoroute 10 is notorious for its speed traps, but the skiing and snowboarding is prime.

While Bromont, better known for its summertime mountain biking than its skiing, is sometimes visible from Mont Royal on a clear day, it doesn't have the challenging skiing that most folks seek. Sure, clear cut a mountain side steep enough to qualify as a cliff and peg

two black diamonds on it and it's challenging, but this isn't base jumping.

Mont Sutton is best known for its gladed trails, and the marketing folks there know it. What Sutton may lack in vertical drop, it makes up in beautifully gladed trails that allow even novice skiers a chance to venture into the woods. The trails are divided roughly in terms of degree of difficulty, with the black dia-

monds located on the easternmost side of the mountain, and the green trails running off the lone detachable quad. At \$40 for a full day adult ticket, Sutton is par for the course, especially for those with a weak spot for glades. Not to be missed at Mont Sutton is the cozy summit restaurant at lunchtime. Warm up next to a roaring fireplace with a poutine and a hot cocoa, staples of the diehard skier's diet.

The ski hills in the Laurentians don't want you to know about the Eastern Townships.

Mont Orford and Owl's Head, just down the autoroute from Sutton, are comparable ski hills, and are positioning themselves as resorts, rather than ski-exclusive. Compared to some of the trails at Orford, Owl's Head offers little challenge to skiers looking for adventure. However, both score high marks for offering student rates between \$25 and \$28 full day tickets, something every student can appreciate. Owl's Head, situated on the shores of Lake Memphremagog, offers a

spectacular view of the surrounding area, including the United States, located no further than a few kilometres away.

Just within the American border, Jay Peak juts out of the landscape. Technically, it is not in the Eastern Townships, nor is it in Canada, but unless you've got a dope charge on your record, this should pose no problem. Travelling at a fast clip on an empty early morning highway, Jay Peak can be within your sites in about 90 minutes. Still border weary? So long as they see your skis in the rack, you're good to go.

Jay Peak has always been home to serious weekend skiers that can't hop in their Lear jets and fly off to Colorado. It gets undoubtedly the most snow in the region, and offers something all other mountains don't: a tram. At \$49 (CDN) for a full day ticket, it still beats Mt. Tremblant in terms of price, and at Jay you won't get tired of skiing the same trails. Just over 2,000 vertical feet, Jay has recently undergone some major renovations, including a much needed detachable quad that services the better half (read: the hairiest) of the mountain. While snowboarders may best be served by less steep grades, the tram offers the chance for skiers and snowboarders alike to spend well over 15 minutes negotiating some of the longest trails in the regions without those annoying flats. If you go, make sure to ski off the tram, and venture into the woods.

Valentine's Day Might Not Suck

What to do to avoid Meg Ryan on your day alone

BY RACHEL METALIN
Mind&Body Reporter

There are varying opinions as to the origin of Valentine's Day. Many experts believe the story goes as follows; an ancient Roman Emperor Claudius II was having a difficult time getting soldiers to join his military leagues. He concluded this was due to the fact that Roman men did not want to leave their families and loved ones and therefore he abolished all marriages and engagements. Saint Valentine, a kind priest, went against Claudius II and secretly married couples that were in love. For his acts of compassion, Saint Valentine was condemned to death and was beheaded on the 14th day of February, about the year 270. Since then, he has been remembered and honoured every February 14th by naming this day 'Saint-Valentine's Day.'

Now, this may very well be the case, but in this day and age Valentine's Day is recognized by most as the annual day of love. For some the revered day is a celebration of

romantic love and eroticism, but for most of us, Valentine's Day takes on a completely different meaning. Valentine's Day Sucks! Why? Well for the majority, Valentine's Day is a direct, in-your-face reminder that you are single and lonely. This atrocious day forces us to think about when we last had a significant other, or if we will ever have one again. We spend an entire year commending ourselves on our independence and freedom. We spend an entire year enjoying the single life and being able to say "I'm not tied down, I can do whatever I want whenever I want." Then on this solitary tragic day, we are violently robbed of our former convictions, our confidence becomes viciously challenged by some chocolate in the shape of hearts and our self-assured independence becomes shattered by some tacky red paper cupids.

My friends, you cannot allow Valentine's Day to shake your happy, single foundations (even if you aren't so happy being single to start with). V-Day must be seen for what it really is - the enemy,

Outwitting this enemy can be a brutal and laborious task. Keep in mind that you are going to be bombarded with countless images of roses, hearts, and cupids everywhere from the privacy of your own television set all the way to the toothpaste aisle in your local drugstore. The trick is to remember that these repulsive decorations and mementos of Valentine's Day are really less offensive than your average every day hand holders walking in front of you as you make your way to class. Surviving single on Valentine's Day can be a challenge, but there are certainly actions one can take and avoid in order to ensure that your personal survival will be less of a struggle.

Firstly, and most importantly - do something positive! No - (I'm answering the question in your head already), positive does not mean parking yourself on the couch and demolishing a litre of Cookies and Cream while watching When Harry met Sally or the even more appalling Sleepless in Seattle. Come to think of it, avoid Meg Ryan altogether. Instead, do something active that will put

you in a good mood like trying a pay-as-you-go Tae Bo class offered every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at the McGill gym. Or try playing a pick-up basketball game with friends. A snowball fight is not bad idea, co-ed preferably. Another imperative rule is the "No-Calling-Your-Ex's-Rule." This is an enshrined law that should not be tampered with. Think of it as one of the Ten Commandments of surviving single. From time to time we all feel the insane insatiable urge to take a trip down memory lane, hoping to fill our void for companionship with that past someone special. Do I even have to explain? Bad, Bad, idea - what's done is done. It's over for a reason, take a few moments to ponder what those reasons are before dialing the forbidden digits.

Another thing that will help take the focus off your single status, is in fact focusing on you. It sounds kind of backwards but it works. Buy a really sexy piece of lingerie - just because it looks good, not because you hope someone will have the opportunity to clumsily pry it off of you and

toss it onto the floor of your darkened bedroom. Go out to a really nice dinner with friends, spend a few extra bucks and forget about Kraft Dinner and/or rice for one evening. Going out and doing something a little different for yourself will force you to notice that the world does not revolve around being able to say "table for two please." The next crucial element to surviving this holiday sounds cold - boycott your friends involved in relationships. Yes, ignoring some of your pals for a day may sound cruel and perhaps a bit harsh, but I assure you it is a vital part of survival. Think of it this way - do you really want to hear about the gifts, the flowers and, so help me, the elaborate nighttime activities that your friends are engaging in with their significant other? That is the fastest way to drive you to a tonne of ice cream and Meg Ryan, and we already spoke about Meg Ryan. In other words, be happy with the knowledge that some of your friends are enjoying the perks of this disastrous day, but don't torture yourself by feigning interest in all the gory details.

feasts



BY SONIA JOG
Guest Gourmand

While there are some people out there who would have you believe that Valentine's Day is the self-pity day of all self-pity days, there are others, (including yours truly), who think that February 14th is fourth only to Christmas, Mother's Day, and Father's Day as an occasion for remembering the ones you love. Well, that may be a little much, but my point is this: why not spend this heart-felt day enjoying the good friends you do have, instead of lamenting the special friend you don't?

My suggestion for this year's lovers-day: go out for dinner with a bunch of friends. While this is probably not the activity of choice for all the so-called offensive lovebirds, nothing is stopping you and your party from stealing the show. So grab your floormates from rez, you're ex-floormates from rez, your intramural broomball team,

Sakura is Wonderfully Fishy

Sushi restaurant is above your average fish sticks



Pierre-Alain Berthod

your midterm study group, or your usual gaggle of girlfriends (better still if you're male!) Grab anyone, as long as you're sure that they make you feel loved.

This Valentine's Day, I have found a hidden treasure just west of campus. For some strange reason, Japanese restaurants seem to have collected on de la Montagne, where there are three different places within two blocks. Toyo looks much too upscale for my liking, but now that I've tried the slightly pretentious Katsura and the more relaxed Sakura, I feel that I can say with absolute confidence and authority that the average McGillian's best bet is,

without a doubt, the latter. Sakura is located on de la Montagne just south of Sherbrooke, and is like stepping into Japan itself, from the first modest welcome the hostess offers, to the flurry of kimono-clad waitresses that shuffle back and forth. Sakura offers your standard Japanese-restaurant set up: regular tables, special tatami rooms that you can reserve ahead of time, and the sushi bar — but you don't have to be at the bar to order sushi. Sakura's selection will satisfy most sushi-lovers, and they offer a good range of whatever is in season. If you're new to the experience, try shrimp (ama-ebi) or egg (tam-

ago), \$4.50 for 2 rolls, or tuna rolls (tekka-maki), \$4.50 for 6; the more adventurous should go for grilled eel (unagi, a real Japanese delight) or my dad's longtime favourite, sea urchin roe (uni), at the slightly higher price of \$6.50 for 2 rolls. I guarantee the feeling of sophistication that accompanies these last two is well worth the money.

If you're convinced that you're just not the sushi type, or you'd prefer to spend your hard-earned money on something slightly more filling, no need to worry; Sakura offers a wide selection of your usual Japanese platters, most of them for less than \$17, and many for less than that. My date and I were up for something tasty yet not too heavy; he opted for the tempura udon, a buckwheat noodle soup topped with lightly battered shrimp, and enjoyed it to the last sweet drop. I chose a donburi, a traditional Japanese dinner consisting of a big bowl of white sticky rice topped with your choice of egg, beef, fish, etc. I chose eel, and was more than satisfied. Sakura's portions are perfectly generous, and my meal included a miso (soy bean based) soup as well. If you've never had tempura,

I'd definitely suggest you try either a tempura appetizer or a tempura platter. Basically it's a selection of shrimp, sweet potato, green pepper, and other vegetables, dipped in batter, lightly-fried, and served with a sweet soy sauce, crunchy and satisfying. Sakura serves it nice and hot. As for the service, the servers are prompt and friendly, and actually speak Japanese. In fact, they are so polite, that the poor customer sometimes feels clumsy and awkward in comparison. Dinner for two including 4 pieces of sushi, a tempura appetizer and two main dishes came out to about \$45. It may not be cheap, but for a complete Japanese dinner, it's not at all bad.

Whether or not you choose Sakura, do make a point of getting out of your apartment and sharing some raw fish with someone you love. If that's not the true spirit of Valentine's Day, I don't know what is.

Sakura is located at 2114 de la Montagne, between Sherbrooke and de Maisonneuve; for reservations, call 288-9122; for Valentine's Day reservations, call early.



Dating and relationships. Difficult ideas for some to grasp; objects too difficult for me to grasp. The general consensus on dating, or at least what I gather from movies and television, involves going to dinner, a movie, and maybe even dancing. So when a girl says to her friends that she dated a guy for a while, she means that she went to dinner and hung out with the guy.

There is a completely different comprehension of dating for me and my gay folk (for the time being, I will leave out talk of girl-on-girl and bi action, as I am blissfully unaware of what occurs in these situations). Among the homosexual male population, the common understanding of the phrase "yeah, I dated him for a while," is "yeah, I slept with him a couple of times." When gay guys begin to have dinner together and go to movies, they are in serious relationship; when heavy emotions and two months have passed an informal engagement has been announced. A two-month relationship in gay years is equal to eight straight years. I was in a relationship in high school for a year and five months, my friends always said we argued like an old married couple. Little did they realize it was because we were actually together for 68 years. So why is there such a large gap between straight and gay definitions of dating? Practice.

I was considerably out in high school. I went to a very small, all-boys high school.

Yeah, I know this one is too easy. All boys, taught by monks, essentially a cruising scene. Although I know everyone has dreams of the all-boy schools as being huge gay orgies all the time (or at least I did), unfortunately it was dirty, smelly boys repressing their heterosexual desires for nine hours a day. I, of course, surrounded by repression, found comfort and sympathy. Eventually, over time the rumours spread and people questioned the painted nails, the Ambercrombie and Fitch catalogue in my locker, and the way I was so easily able to talk to girls.

Now imagine, if you will, that in this atmosphere of sexual desire expressed through religious fervour, I had started making out in the bathrooms and library and had taken my boyfriend to prom. Oh, wait a second, I did. I dated a boy for my last two years of high school and was considerably open about it. We got caught all over the place, and essentially everyone knew, but it was better to not say anything and pretend nothing happened. I took a girl friend of mine to prom as well as my boyfriend; in fact, my mother still has the prom picture of all three of us standing there, her in the middle, us two staring at each other. We were almost named King and Queen and Queen of the prom.

My story is certainly not a common one. Unfortunately, dating and relationships are not easy tasks for gay youth. Until a person can drive, dating depends greatly on the driving ability of one's parental

units, and as is the case generally, asking your mom to take you on a date with Bob is not an easy job. This is because parents assume that their child is straight and coming out is certainly not an easy process. Of course this assumption of heterosexuality can be beneficial, because you can spend hours in your room alone with another boy without raising any suspicions. Since young gay high school kids are unable to straight date, they get what they can, or gay date.

When guys are forced to repress desire until their twenties, they are stuck with a case of priapism. Gay men are incredibly horny as is; imagine one who spent his teen years chastely kissing girls and praying. Gay guys never get to go through the awkward but guiding steps of high school dating. This is what I mean by practice. Gay guys haven't practised and don't know how to date.

So how do we change this, or do I even want to mess with a good thing? Maybe we should try gay-dates anonymous. There are

three steps to stop gay-dating. One: don't sleep with the guy the first time you meet him. Two: don't sleep with him later that night. Three: call him after you have slept with him. Our motto will be: sex is good, sex is great, we can wait 'til the third date. Join me guys; stand up and say it with me: "Hi, my name is Todd, and I gay date."

Odd Todd will appear weekly in Mind&Body. Email him your comments and concerns at odd@mcgilldaily.com

The Incredibly True Story of Two Boys in Bed

I've always wanted to...

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Cost: Seeds can range anywhere from \$30-\$80 for a pack of 5 seeds. The systems themselves range from \$300 for a hydroponic setup to much less. The purchase of soil, the use of cheap fluorescent lighting and crude ventilation systems (read: fan) will cost much less.

Phone: There is a dearth of reliable gardening sources nearby, but there is a store on du Parc called Chavre-en-Ville that sells books and videos on do-it-yourself gardening. 845-4993, or go to 3418 du Parc.

Comments: This type of gardening can be very tricky and you certainly do not want to lose your initial investment. Research your options well to decide what



Johnny Grant, honorary mayor of Hollywood, is proud of his first harvest

growing style is right for you. The website www.growkind.com will be of service to you as well. Keep the following points in mind: one seed equals four lbs. of buds but only the female buds are worthwhile so plant twice as much as you desire; need 30-70% humidity, but more than that may make your plants stretch; you need a temperature of 75-85 degrees as well as a constant yet gentle air flow; you will need 1 gallon of soil per foot of growth. Happy planting!



BY JOHN LE SARE
The McGill Daily

Be Yours? Not Bloody Likely!

LeSare is single (again) and ready to attack monogamy

Alright, with February [choke, gasp] 14th only a few days away, Bubba Clinton gone from the White House and the Reverend Jesse Jackson's story of touching titty only providing for fleeting headlines at best, I'll spend this week taking up the torch against monogamy all by my lonesome (naturally).

I hold fast to the idea that it is lunacy that underpins the "exclusivity of love."

It has now been about 3 months since my last sexual interlude, which places me in the unique position of wondering when the next time might be, but not worried enough to pursue any sort of meaningful seduction. That said, with libidos all but swept under the McLennan carpet during midterms and the February winds blowing through even our most hearty corduroy pants, it seems like a good time of year to be walking along next to that "one person" with whom you can take refuge someplace warm. It seems to be a particularly putrid time of year to be walking around, warming oneself to the idea of single-hood, musing to your monogamous friend about the imminent obsolescence of the very organs with which you are trying (absurdly) to come to terms. It is these organs though, which have resulted in the entire population of the earth. Scientifically speaking, it's worked like a charm. Sex, that is. Monogamy, however, the most unnatural of all our "natural" social behaviours, has not.

Is it that I am entirely embittered with

my own experiments? Well of course! And if you've been reading this column since its inception in October, you'd know I hold fast to idea that it is lunacy that underpins the "exclusivity of love." Wait! Don't lose me here. What I mean to spark is consideration for what monogamy often turns out to be, not what we think it must be.

In the strictest sense it is a barrier system which attempts to block outside involvement in intimacy, which often leads to struggles for power, abuses of that power and feelings of isolation and loneliness. It is taught and conditioned from early on in school-age children and teens who take on girl and boy friends. The system of monogamy serves the acts of sexual experimentation well on one hand, allowing a safe and private place free from embarrassment to discover one's self with the help of another on the same path. The problem here, again, is the natural "wall tendency" which monogamy throws up, masking teen date-rape, excluding queer narratives from growing up sexually, and generally keeping everything that might be discussed openly amongst one's peers trapped behind the oh-so-exclusionary masks of one-to-one love.

Bounced as we are then, from the

tumultuous rocket-ride of teen-love, (I don't know anyone without a horror story), we enter the "real-deal" trial period during which we take our place within the various monogamous formulas set down for us. We are even allowed to keep the terminology: boyfriend and girlfriend, dating, necking, the first time. Oh sure, things are made a little bit more complicated, but this is only natural, since as the stakes rise so does the intricacy of the game. Distinctions are added, (seeing each other, living together), and protocols are in place (guides to the break-up, recovery, start-again procedure), and drama gains almost painful levels at enter and exit wounds. Glorious at points, the adrenaline of love foists a host of liver spotted dreams unto us, attaching the failure or success of those dreams all the while to that "one person" and the ever-rickety monogamous set-up.

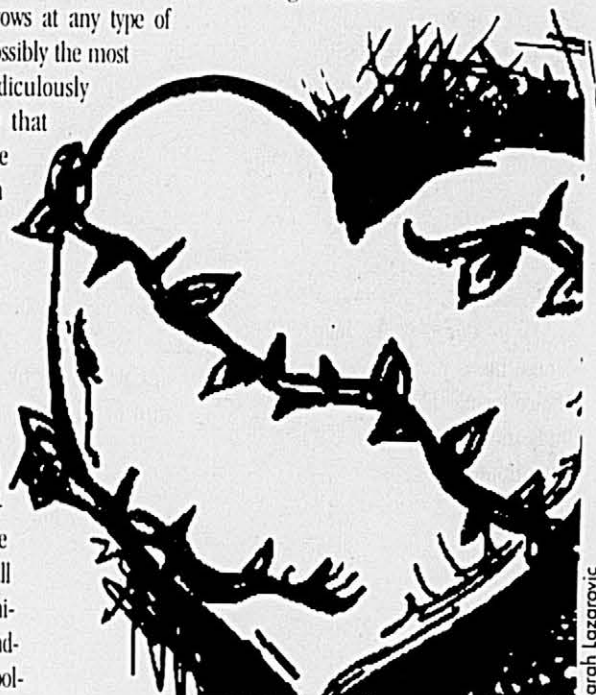
Let's be honest. It's a contract. A contract between two people, carrying some legal weight and some material consequence when a breach occurs (certain divorces are exceptions, not rules, of break-ups). Bear in mind that most monogamous break-ups involve little or insignificant exchange of property.

It depends on the control over one's loins, one's genitals, the penis or the vagina, those often fickle, always mood-swinging organs. It limits. It controls. It forces you to give up pieces of yourself and to change for the betterment of the "collective self" which is supposedly formed by monogamy. It wonders when you are late. It worries when you are sick. It creates immensity of sorrows at any type of separation. It is possibly the most idealistic and ridiculously irrational activity that the human race ever came up with and bothers to bolster with constant attention and debate.

Despite all of this, it still seems to be the most popular template for Western erotic love. The selfishness and the needy-ness and overall propensity to self-annihilation notwithstanding, I wish all the fool-

ish, irrational and risk-taking lovers out there a Happy Valentine's Day. And if you're out there, whoever you are, "be mine."

Valentine's Day Homework for lonely, sad and pathetic people like me: Look up Eurhythmics "Love is a Stranger." Listen closely. This is love, at least of the monogamous sort.



Sarah Lazarovic

daily classifieds

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I was thinking the other day (pay attention I don't do it often). If you told your average student leader about a country where the government was trying to shut down a newspaper or a television station, they would shake their head and say something profound about human rights and freedom of the press. The question then would be, why have the student governments of Montreal's English language Universities both had a go at silencing at least two (2) campus media outlets each. Funny old world eh?

Regards,
Uncle Cam

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